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SELECTIONS
OF
JUVENILE AND MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S,

WRITTEN OR TRANSLATED

BY ROSWELL PARK, A. M.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis : ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

Hor. Art. Poet.

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TO THE

REV. THOMAS WARNER,

CHAPLAIN AND PROFESSOR OF ETHICS, ETC.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, NEW YORK,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY HIS GRATEFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

POETRY is conceived to be the language of feeling, addressed to the imagination and the heart. Its proper objects, therefore, are the grand and beautiful in nature or in morals, and the human affections in general; but especially those which most attach man to his Creator and to his fellow-man,—religion, patriotism, friendship, and love. It is with these ideas of Poetry that the following lines have been written, mostly as the amusement of leisure or lonely hours. They are now offered to the public, and particularly to the writer's personal friends, with diffi-

dence; but not without the hope that they may repay a perusal, and perhaps suggest some interesting train of reflection. Whatever may be their faults of style or deficiencies of subject, it is hoped that they contain nothing which can tarnish the mind, or win it from the ways of virtue and happiness. If they do not rather tend to warm and mend the heart, and to raise it above earth's cares and sorrows, they will have failed of their object. With this brief explanation of the spirit in which they were written, and are now published, the writer submits them to their fate.

Philadelphia, October 31, 1836.

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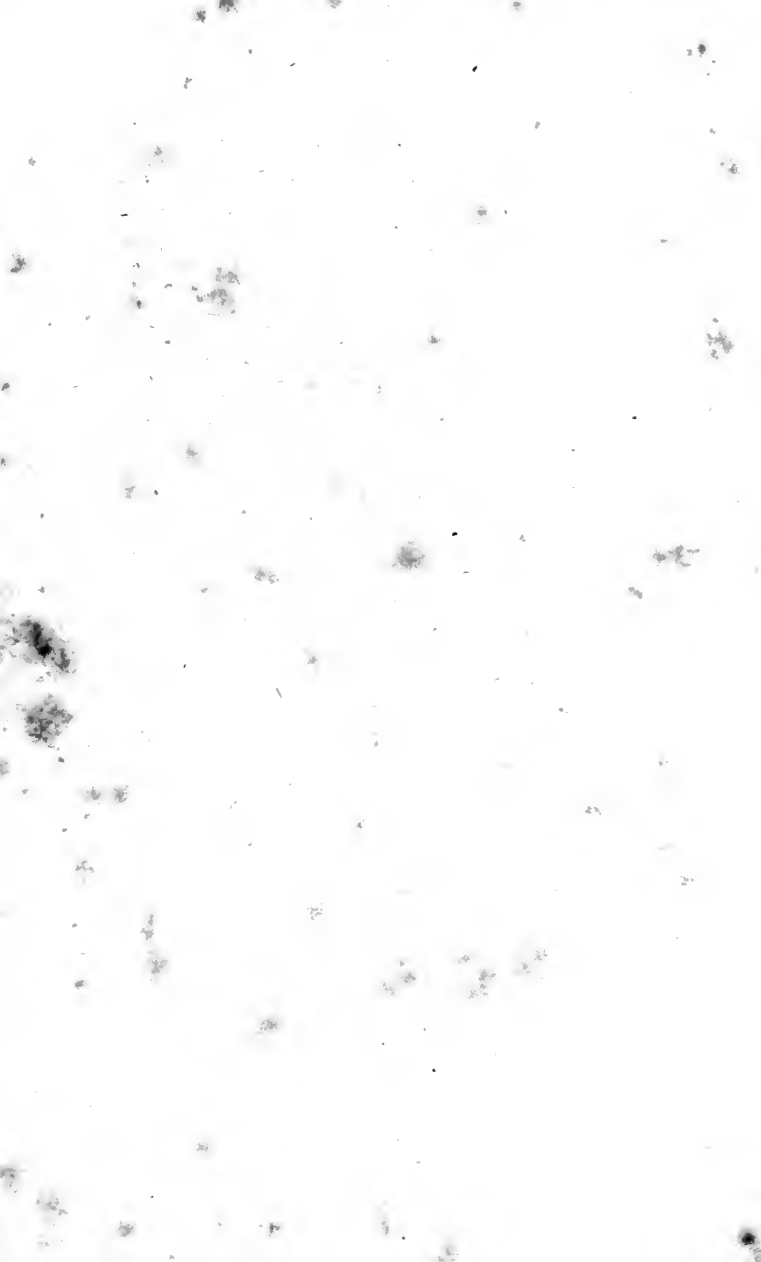
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JUVENILE
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOME.

These lines were written at the age of sixteen, during a long absence from home; and are preserved only as a memento of the sentiment which inspired them—

“Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”

WHEN far from our friends, to the bosom of strangers,
In search of some fancied enjoyment we roam,
Surrounded by trials, encompass'd with dangers,
How oft we look back on our far distant home:
And whether success or misfortune befall us,
Our path intermingled with pleasure or pain,
To what scenes so ever life's pathway may call us,
We think of our home and our kindred again.

If Providence smile, and our toil be rewarded,
Success crown our labors and banish our fear,
If pure be our hearts, and fair virtue regarded,
Our home and our kindred are still counted dear.

Though new friends engage us with cheering attention,
And time shade the images drawn in the mind,
No subject is ever more pleasing to mention
Than home and the kindred we left far behind.

When storms are uplifting the waves of the ocean,
Or when the bright sunbeams enliven the day,
When nature inspires us with warmest emotion,
We still think of kindred and friends far away.
When time has fled by, and our absence is finish'd,
To scenes of enjoyment we cheerfully come,
And still our affection remains undiminish'd,
For much beloved kindred and thrice welcome home.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1823.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Written in commemoration of a visit to Mount Holyoke, with a party of young gentlemen from Springfield, June 23, 1823.

OH ! who can view from Holyoke's height
The varied scene below,
Nor yield to feelings of delight,
And rapture's deepest glow !
If there be aught upon the earth
Of beautiful and fair,
In all the freshness of its birth
It dwells unrivall'd there.

Grand is the rugged mountain's form
Beneath the sunbeam's glow,
Whose rocky brow has faced the storm
While thunders roll'd below ;
And bright the summer-house uprears
Its pinnacle on high,
Whose beaming lamp at eve appears
The watch-tow'r of the sky.

Mount Tom, in endless verdure crown'd,
Adorns the lovely view,
While lofty mountains, rising round,
Grow dim in distant blue ;
And rolling on, with swelling tide,
Majestic to the main,
Connecticut, thy waters glide
Along the extended plain.

Fair meadows, crown'd with vernal flow'rs,
The bushy banks adorn,
Where morning suns and evening show'rs
Mature the yellow corn ;
And gaily spread beneath the eye
Are rising village spires,
And far and near is curling high
The smoke of village fires.

Here Hadley's long and ancient street
In loveliness is drest,
And there Northampton's mansions greet
The gazer and the guest ;
And Amherst, with its college walls,
In distance melts away,
Where science lights her lofty halls
With reason's brightest ray.

Then who can view from Holyoke's height
The varied scenes below,
Nor yield to feelings of delight
And rapture's deepest glow !
If there be aught upon the earth
Of beautiful and fair,
In all the freshness of its birth
It dwells unrivall'd there.

Springfield, Nov. 1823.

CONSTANT DEVOTION.

There are moments when the mind, disenthralled from earthly things, anticipates the important future which is to dawn beyond the grave, and realizes how feeble and uncertain is the tie which binds it to the material world, the sunshine and the storm.

WHEN the sun in splendor shines
 From the Eastern mountain,
 When the shepherd's flock reclines
 By the crystal fountain ;
 When the sun has cross'd the sky,
 Sinking in the ocean,
 When the silver moon rides high,
 Creating soft emotion,—
 Fill my spirit, God of Love,
 With thy boundless favor ;
 Turn my heart to thoughts above,
 And be my guide for ever !

When the clouds, extended wide,
 Hide the face of heaven ;
 When the furious whirlwinds ride
 On the tempest driven ;
 When the lightning flashes bright,
 Bursting rocks asunder,
 When the hills, at dead of night,
 Are shaken by the thunder ;
 Guard me, Lord, from danger near,—
 Nature quakes before thee,—
 Fill my heart with holy fear,
 And let my soul adore thee.

When I pass my brightest days,
 Into age declining ;
When this wondrous frame decays,
 Ev'ry sense resigning ;
When the close of life appears,
 Worlds unknown before me ;
When I leave this vale of tears,
 And waves of death roll o'er me,
 Fill my spirit, God of Love,
 With thy boundless favor ;
 May I rise to realms above,
 And dwell with thee for ever.

Plainfield, N. Y., December, 1824.

THE VISION OF LIFE.

“Thoughtful, on the solemn, silent shore
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon.”

DR. YOUNG.

SOFTLY wrapt in bliss elysian,
On a downy bed of rest,
An instructive, wondrous vision
Swiftly pass'd across my breast,
As the mazy path of mortals
Was before my fancy spread,
From its dim, mysterious portals
To the mansions of the dead ;

I observed the infant clinging
To its joyful mother's arms,
And with every moment springing
Into youth's attractive charms,
Till the smiling youth ascending,
Strove the rugged mount to climb,
Where the rays of hope were blending
With the light of truth sublime.

Manhood next, with endless passions,
In the path before me came,
Ruled by habits, led by fashions,
Seeking pleasure, wealth, or fame ;
And he toil'd or sported nigh me,
Pleased with bubbles light as air,
Till at length he totter'd by me
With his staff and silver hair.

There was careless, headstrong folly
 Making laughter for the gay,
There was lonely melancholy
 Sadly pining life away ;
There were pride and fortune's minions
 Ever seeking rank and pow'r ;
There was love, with golden pinions,
 Lull'd in beauty's rosy bow'r.

Genius there, with art and science,
 Strove the rugged path to cheer ;
Cautious reason bade defiance
 To the wiles of hope and fear ;
Cheerful wisdom was inspecting
 Numerous objects on the road,
And religion was directing
 To a happier abode.

Still was time by far the fleetest
 Of the mystic ones in view,
And his presence was the sweetest
 As he bade a last adieu ;
For the king of terrors nigh them
 Ever stood, their watchful foe,
And as soon as time past by them
 He destroy'd them at a blow.

I beheld him strike the youngest one,
 And life with him was o'er ;
I beheld him strike the strongest one,
 The strong appear'd no more ;
I beheld him strike the boldest one,
 Who fell beneath his dart ;

I beheld him strike the oldest one,
And pierce his wither'd heart.

But the funeral procession
My impressive vision broke,
As, aroused by its progression,
From my slumber I awoke :
There were relatives condoling
For the beauteous and the brave,
And the solemn bell was tolling,
As the lost one press'd the grave.

Plainfield, March, 1825.

THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

As the Irish Bard has so beautifully sung "The Last Rose of Summer," perhaps the subject of the following lines, suggested by it, will be excusable, however simple and unassuming.

How sweet was the flowret
First blooming in spring,
When zephyrs breathed o'er it
With warm, balmy wing,
When the humming-bird hasted
Its sweetness to share,
And the butterfly tasted
Its odorous air.

Its leaves were extended,
Bright hues to disclose,
Where sweetly were blended
The lily and rose ;
While young buds around it
Their fragrancy shed,
And verdant leaves crown'd it,
Adorning its bed.

But ah! sadly changed was
That flowret to view,
As lately I ranged
In the grove where it grew ;
The cold wind was beating
Its withering form,
The dark clouds were meeting,
And boded a storm.

The humming-bird left it
When drooping its head,
The bee had bereft it
Of sweetness, and fled ;
The sunbeams were shaded
Which first gave it birth,
Its bright leaves had faded,
And sunk to the earth.

Thus life's early promise,
The first buds of bloom,
Perchance are torn from us
And wrapp'd in the tomb ;
Thus transient their semblance,
Thus swift their decay ;
And sweet their remembrance,
When passing away !

Burlington, April, 1825.

THE CREATION.

It will be readily perceived that these stanzas were an academic exercise, not intended to broach any particular philosophical theory. It seems to be now generally conceded, that the six days of the creation were so many geological periods, indicating the successive stages through which our planet has passed; but not the less wonderful and mysterious is the mighty agency by which these changes were produced.

WHEN silence o'er the universe
Her realm extended far,
Before the raging elements
Maintain'd destructive war;
When chaos through unbounded space
Gave universal sleep,
While yet the earth was void of form,
"And darkness veil'd the deep;"

Jehovah thunder'd from his throne
And silence own'd his sway;
Dread chaos then dissolved its charm
And darkness fled away.
"Let there be light," the Almighty said,—
Light instantly appear'd:
The lofty pillars of the sky
In majesty were rear'd.

The new-created sun arose
To gild the vault of heaven,
And all the glorious orbs of night
Were through the ether driven.

The waters parted from the earth,
The land appear'd in view,
And mountains swell'd, and rivers flow'd,
And fruits luxuriant grew.

Then teem'd the earth with living forms,
The terrible and fair;
And fishes cleft the crystal sea,
And songsters wing'd the air.
And countless beings, bright and good,
The universe contained;
Yet 'mid the brute and angel race
A chasm still remained.

Then man was form'd by skill divine,
At God's creating word,
The ruler of the peopled earth,
The image of his Lord;
And blissful choirs of angels sung
Their hymns before the throne,
As woman smiled, and God proclaim'd
Creation's labor done.

Oxford, N. Y. June, 1825.

THE DELUGE.

That a Universal Deluge once existed, is proved by the concurrent tradition of all the ancient nations, as well as by the most indisputable evidences of geology. This fact, therefore, so prominent in Scripture history, is unimpeachable ; and even the pre-existence of the human race is maintained by the same traditions.

WHEN virtue, peace and righteousness
From Adam's race had fled,
When folly, vice and wickedness
Had fill'd the world with dread ;
The hour of vengeance had arrived,
Jehovah's anger rose,
And justice call'd the mighty flood
To overwhelm his foes.

Then Noah form'd the sacred ark,
Ordain'd by Heaven to save
A remnant of all living forms
From nature's watery grave.
The bird of air, the beast of earth,
Its spacious rooms contain ;
While all the sons of vice and guilt
In thoughtless mirth remain.

Then rushed the torrents of the sky,
And o'er the mountains spread ;
The waters of the raging deep
Then rose above its bed ;
And shrieks of wo—and sights of fear
Were mingled with the storm,
While o'er them rush'd the foaming wave
In death's terrific form.

The ark upon the water rides,
And every tempest braves,
Nor heeds the driving of the winds,
Or rolling of the waves,
Till on the mountain's top it stands,
Secure from ev'ry harm,
Protected in its devious path
By God's almighty arm.

His sacred word Jehovah gives
To drown the earth no more,
While ages roll or time remains,
Till time itself be o'er.
Upon the cloud he sets his bow,
A token of his grace,
And still his boundless favors flow
To all the human race.

Oxford, June, 1825.

LAFAYETTE.

"I saw the Marshals of Napoleon, gorged with the plunder of Europe and stained with its blood, borne on their flashing chariot wheels through the streets of Paris. I saw the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of trust and honor under Louis XVIII.; and I saw the friend of Washington, glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the dazzling height of his consistency and his principles, on their paltry ambition and its more paltry rewards."

EVERETT'S EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.

HAIL to the chief who in war's deadly slaughter
 Join'd in the struggle, our country to save;
 Hail to the hero that o'er the wide water
 Comes to revisit the land of the brave!
 Hail to our nation's guest!
 Joy to his noble breast!
 Wide be his fame, till the last sun is set.
 Hail! freedom's champion,
 Brother of Washington,
 Welcome, thrice welcome, the brave Lafayette!

Lone from the host of those warrior's and sages
 Who guided the tempest of war's dread alarm,
 He has survived the departure of ages,
 Firm as the oak which has weather'd the storm.
 Planets have glided by
 Fame's glitt'ring canopy—
 Never shall freemen their glory forget;—
 Still, while they shine afar,
 Hail to the evening star,
 Welcome, thrice welcome, the brave Lafayette!

Bright be the days of our gallant defender,
Long may the green laurel twine round his brow,
Ever surrounded with verdure and splendor,
Pure as the radiance of heav'n's evening bow.
When his immortal mind
Leaves the dull earth behind,
Filling a nation with tears of regret,
Then ardent fancy's eye
Sees, in the starry sky,
Washington's spirit rejoin Lafayette.

Oxford, Sept. 1825.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

It may be necessary, in avoidance of the imputation of plagiarism, to state that these lines were composed, and published in a Boston paper, by a friend to whom they were sent, before the writer had seen Mrs. Hemans' spirited poem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," or was aware of its existence.

THE breeze is high on the lonely shores
Of Massachusetts Bay ;
The storm-swept ocean loudly roars,
And foams with dashing spray.

The coast is clad with drifted snow,
The forest stripp'd of bloom,
And sky above and earth below
Are wrapp'd in winter's gloom.

The panther springs from his secret lair,
The wolves at midnight howl ;
And the frightened deer swiftly cuts the air,
As she flies at their horrid growl.

Away from the shore is a cabin of bark,
Where the Indian hunter dwells ;
But a shout comes over the breezes ; hark !
'Tis the Indian warrior's yells !

Those hostile tribes, in their deadly hate,
Have drenched the earth with blood,
And the valley now is desolate
Where once the wigwam stood.

The wind is high on the lonely shores
Of the Massachusetts Bay,
The skies are dark and the ocean roars
Mid foaming heaps of spray.

But whence is that vessel now booming in sight,
On the distant Eastern waves ?
Have her crew come hither to join in the fight,
And to find their lonely graves ?

Or seek they for fame, or dominion, or gold,
In ambition's mad career ?
Say whence are those strangers, so venturous and bold,
And what is their object here ?

That vessel is come from a stormy land,
By persecution driven ;
And her crew are a holy, pilgrim band,
In the special care of heaven.

They came not to join in the savage fight,
Nor hither for fame did they flee ;
But they came to enjoy the sacred right
Of religious liberty.

They came to seek for an humble abode,
And erect a peaceful home,
Where a martyr's blood had never flow'd,
Nor persecution come.

They came for a refuge from vice and crime ;
They came to escape from death,
As the ark was preserved, in the olden time,
From the drowning world beneath.

And now their boat, by the tempest toss'd,
Approach'd the dreary strand,
Till the storm-beaten rock of Plymouth's coast
Received them safe on land.

The sun is rising on the shores
Of the Massachusetts Bay,
And o'er the verdant landscape pours
The radiant beams of day.

But throughout its course from east to west,
O'er all the nations borne,
It shines on no country more happy and blest
Than here salutes the morn.

And long in ten thousand hearts of bliss
Will the blood of the pilgrims flow,
Who fled to this dreary wilderness
Two hundred years ago.

Oxford, Oct. 1825.

A VERNAL EVENING.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears;—soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE wintry storms have past,
Which swept along the skies,
No longer howls the blast,
But gentle zephyrs rise;
And nature smiles, in beauty drest,
And pleasure reigns in ev'ry breast.

The noon-day's heat is gone,
And twilight veils the bow'rs;
The evening shade comes on,
And dew-drops gem the flow'rs;
Like crystal tears from pity's eye,
Or glitt'ring stars which deck the sky.

Hark! hear the serenade
Which steals along the plains;
Now, soft its accents fade,
Then flow in bolder strains,
Like those of angels' harps sublime,
Resounding through the starry clime.

The shining queen of night
Rides on the vernal sky,
And sheds her silver light
From azure realms on high;

Till Sol ascends in golden car,
And shines majestic from afar.

Thus may our moments glide,
In calmness, love, and peace,
And wisdom be our guide
Till life's brief night shall cease :
Then may our spirits wing their way
To brighter realms of endless day.

Oxford, April, 1826.

THE SAGACIOUS HIBERNIAN.

The tale on which this scrap is founded, was repeated to the writer by an aged relative, and without aiming at satire, embodies a lesson of human nature which is deemed worth preserving.

As Yankee legends tell, in days of yore,
Ere liberty had bless'd our happy states,
An Irishman, who long had been quite weary
Of cold potatoes and bog meadows dreary,
Impell'd, no doubt, by hope of kinder fates,
His native country left for wild New England's shore.
Upon the coast where Patrick came
An ancient maiden happen'd to reside,
Who might be call'd a very worthy dame,
And own'd some lands near Narragansett's tide.
For her our Pat conceived a predilection,
(Or for her lands,)
And as she had no serious objection,
To wedlock's bands,
A parson therefore came, by Pat's direction,
And join'd their hands.
Then to the church next sabbath fair
This happy couple did repair
To see the folks, make complimentary speeches,
"And hear," said Pat, "how well the parson preaches."
The parson chose the following text,—
"He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend his substance to the Lord,
And from his never-failing store

In this world shall have rich reward,
And endless glory in the next.”*

The preacher then, with eloquence, confess’d
That ministers were those the text referr’d to,
(Meaning of course himself among the rest,)

For they were always poor; and he averr’d too,
That they who gave to him should ne’er be sorry,
For God would grant them riches here, and endless glory.

Pat was well pleased to think that he could gain

Rewards on earth, as well as future life,
And thus returning home, in merry strain,

Address’d his wife :

“ My dearest spouse,

We very soon

Shall have a clever mess of cows

Instead of one :

For the parson, you know, is a very good man,
And he put me in mind of an excellent plan :
I will drive him my cow, dear, and then, do you see,
A whole drove of cows will the Lord give to me.”

His wife replied, with heartfelt sorrow,
That then their milk they’d have to borrow ;
And this would really be doleful,
Since night and morn he ate a bowl full :
Besides, she said, that unless they grew richer,
They hardly could afford to buy a pitcher.

But Pat consoled his charming bride,

And, full of confidence, replied—

That they should soon have milk in plenty,
When, ’stead of one cow, they had twenty.
He drove his cow and gave her to the priest,

* Proverbs, xix. 17.

Who gratefully his thanks express'd,
Then turned her in a field of blooming clover,
Which all his cattle then were grazing over.

Patrick returned, with bosom light

And hopes raised high;

Although his wife heaved many a sigh;

But round his house, the following night,

A noise was heard.

"My dear," said Pat, "you now will trust my word;
I told you that our cow would shortly come,"

Then rose and found her.

It seems, uneasy when confined from home,

She jumped the fence, at liberty to roam,

And several oxen following, stood around her.

"I thank the Lord," said Pat;

"And, though they're oxen, I will not refuse them;

But see, my dear, they are so very fat,

I cannot use them."

His wife exclaims, "Pray, how then will you work it?"

"I'll tell you, honey;

I'll drive them down to Providence to market,

And get the money."

So merrily, without delay,

Along the road he sped his way.

The priest next morning oped his eyes

At early dawn,

And shortly found, with much surprise,

His oxen gone.

He traced their steps along the road,

And found the cow at Pat's abode.

When Pat return'd, our minister,

With visage long,

(And feelings doubtless somewhat sinister,)

Told him, *'twas wrong*
To drive his oxen off without permission ;
And that unless he rendered satisfaction,
His soul would be in danger of perdition,
For such an action.

But Pat, with confidence and reverence due,
These words retorted :

“ Sir, you asserted
That they who gave to priests would be rewarded,
And go to heaven.

Your sermon, sir, was doubtless very true ;
And now, sir, if your text has been regarded,

And these fine oxen God to me has given,
What's that to you ?”

The priest denied that this was what he meant,
The last Lord's day ;

Declaring that the oxen were *not sent*,
But *ran away*.

“ To come to case in hand, Pat, you must settle,
And pay me well for driving off my cattle.

But, seeing lawsuits are a great vexation,
We'll settle it by friendly arbitration.

So, Patrick, you may choose the men

To hear the question and decide it ;

Whate'er be their decision then,

You must abide it.”

“ I thank you, sir,” said Pat, “ and since 'tis fair,
That honest men should judge a case so rare ;

And since you do not wish to make a bustle, sir,

About the place,

I think that I will choose the twelve apostles, sir,

To judge the case.”

“ The twelve apostles !—Patrick !—they

Can never hear us till the judgment day !”

“ Why that,” says Pat,

“ Is just the very time and place I pitch’d upon.

They’ll then determine

Exactly what you meant and what you preach’d upon

In your last sermon.’

Oxford, May, 1826.

AN ENIGMA.

"They bid me seek in other scenes
The *charms* that others see."

THERE'S a word of five letters, oft used to express
The pleasure which mortals combine
In a flatterer's tongue, in a woman's caress,
In a wager at cards, in a hazard at chess,
Or a glass overflowing with wine.

Omit its initial, it then is allied
To injustice, oppression, and care ;
Drop one letter more, and it hangs by your side,
As true as a servant, as dear as a bride ;
Wheresoever you go, it is there.

Transpose its three last and it glitters above,
Or quietly grazes the heath ;
Transpose it throughout, it enlivens the grove,
Or in battle's warm strife it commands you to move
'Mid carnage, destruction, and death.

Take three of its letters, and such is its fame,
A Turk will eschew it as evil ;
Transpose its first four and it then will proclaim
The high vault of heav'n, and a part of the name
Which Milton bestow'd on the Devil.

Oxford, May 1826.,

ODE FOR THE NATIONAL JUBILEE.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound. . . and ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you."

LEVITICUS xxv. 9, 10.

HAIL to the morn, when a nation arising,
Sprung to existence, unaided, alone;
When Liberty's champions; thralldom despising,
Burst from the bonds which around them were thrown!
Swift let the cannon's roar
Spread to our farthest shore,
Loud sound the trump to the ends of the earth!
High o'er oppression's grave,
Proud let our banners wave,
Welcome this jubilee day of our birth!

Sad was the time when our sky was o'erclouded;
Liberty, weeping, her wrongs did deplore;
When tyrants prevail'd and our country was crowded
With lawless invaders polluting our shore.
Then first our sires arose,
Firmly attacked their foes,
Freedom or death did our sages declare,
Fleet was the warrior's dart,
Brave was the hero's heart,
Valiant the hosts which advanced to the war.

Dark was the hour when, our forces surrounding,
Britain's proud foeman exultingly came,

When the fierce savage, the war-whoop resounding,
Mothers and orphans consigned to the flame.
 Swift burst the battle's storm,
 Wide spread the dire alarm,
Far did the echo extend o'er the plain:
 Loud was the dying groan,
 Sad rose the widow's moan,
Crimson with gore was the field of the slain.

"Charge for our country and nobly defend her!"
 Rung through our forces by land and by sea,—
Soon was the foeman compell'd to surrender,
 And warrior's and sages were rescued and free.
 Praised be the bravery
 That saved us from slavery,
Fame to our chiefs till the last sun is set!
 Stark, Putnam, Gates and Greene,
 Wayne, Sumpter, Sullivan,
Warren, Montgomery and brave Lafayette!

Wide as the world be our WASHINGTON's glory,
 Fadeless his wisdom and virtue will shine;
When princes and thrones shall remain but in story,
 The patriot's heart shall be WASHINGTON's shrine.
 First on the field of blood,
 Firm as a rock he stood,
Leading his host like the pillar of flame;
 Pure was his noble breast,
 Peace was its constant guest.
Bright and immortal be WASHINGTON's name.

"Praise to Jehovah!" his mandate is spoken;
 Liberty's banners his pow'r has unfurl'd!

“He the strong fetters of slavery has broken,”
And freedom and science illumine the world.
Humbly before him fall,
Own him the Lord of all,
He o’er the universe ruleth alone ;
Loud let your voices raise
Anthems of joyful praise ;
Glory to God, who our foes hath o’erthrown !

Hamilton, N. Y. July 4, 1826.

THE DISSIPATED COLLEGIAN.

" Our fellow-men, how shockingly they treat us !
All are tormentors, every mother's son :
When boys at school, our masters pinch and beat us,
And thus it is, until life's race is run.
The preachers scold us, and the lawyers cheat us ;
The doctors pull our teeth out one by one,
Till we, at last worn out, from life withdraw ;
Our heirs then bury us, and go to law."

COUSIN LUCY.

'Tis said there was a certain wight,
Whose mother-wit was very bright,
An errant rogue, and even bolder
Than many rogues a great deal older ;
An aged father's only child,
Who laugh'd at all his actions wild,
And wish'd to have him famed for knowledge,
And therefore brought him up for college.
This wight of ours disdain'd to study,
And hated books in soul and body ;
His lessons, therefore, were neglected,
Though he as often was corrected ;
But when there was a chance to play,
Our rogue would slily run away.
Yet, had he given due attention,
(So powerful was his comprehension,)
He might have been the first of all
In science, as in playing ball ;
He might have done as great exploits
In study, as in pitching quoits ;
But not an idler boy than he
Was found in the academy.

His anxious father oft advised him,
And his preceptor oft chastised him,
Yet would he seize each opportunity
To cut his capers with impunity.
At length the appointed time drew near
When he at college was t' appear,
With very little preparation,
He underwent examination ;
And though it seem'd that more than once
They might have set him down a dunce,
Yet, hoping that his tricks might quit him,
The Faculty thought best to admit him.
But even there his books were slighted,
And he in mischief still delighted.
'T would waste more time than I can spare
To tell of half his frolics there,
But, since 'tis fit to give a sample,
I mention this for an example.

One summer evening, when the moon
Among the clouds in splendor shone,
A gentleman, more kind than prudent,
Had call'd to see a certain student,
And tied his horse beneath a shade,
Until his visit should be made.
At length, returning to the spot,
He sought his horse, but found him not ;
His milk-white steed, through some disaster,
Had gone away, and left his master.
He met a man upon the green,
And ask'd if he the horse had seen.
"I saw," said he, "some time ago,
About a half a mile below,
A gentleman ride by with speed,
Upon a handsome milk-white steed.

A dozen men now volunteer'd,
A dozen horses were prepared,
And soon they gallop'd out of sight,
To catch the thief and stop his flight.
At length they saw the milk-white horse,
Which still went on with rapid course ;
And clouds obscured the moon and sky,
And still the trampling sounded nigh,
Until the thief had turn'd aside,
Within the gloomy woods to hide.
They darted on, they gather'd round him,
And in the forest shortly found him.
" You rascal," said the first, advancing,
" Is this your horse that you were prancing ?
Come back ! the jail shall be your home
Till the state's prison is your doom ;
The judge will soon pronounce your sentence,
And leave you leisure for repentance."
The thief, confounded, never stirr'd,
Nor deign'd to answer them a word.
Now suddenly the moon shone bright,
And placed the rogue in open light ;
But such a thief as this, I ween,
No mortal since has ever seen.
For, with astonishment, they saw
A handsome scarecrow made of straw,
All dress'd in black, and set astraddle,
And firmly fasten'd to the saddle.
It seems this roguish wight of ours
Had thus exerted all his pow'rs,
Had placed the scarecrow on the steed,
And sent him off with wondrous speed,
To crack a joke and gain renown,
And raise the laughter of the town.

But time on rapid pinions glides,
Nor waits for scholars, winds or tides.
And now the fourth commencement came,
Since he at college roll'd his name,
When each received the "gradum aureum,
Omnium artium Baccalaureum."
Our wight, of course, took his degree,
As Mr. Peter Rogue, A. B.
And now inspired with wild ambition,
Our college wit turn'd politician;
Was entertain'd with welcome hearty,
And join'd, of course, the strongest party.
He oft engaged in warm debate
To recommend his candidate;
Declaim'd, in many a florid speech,
On topics far beyond his reach;
Or held his neighbour by the coat,
To plead his cause or gain his vote.
The election came, his side succeeded;
His service was no longer needed.
No loaves or fishes could he gain,
And all his labours were in vain.
But still he tried his best endeavors,
To merit fortunes' golden favors.
The Lotteries now engaged his dreams;
He purchased tickets in the schemes,
And tried the various combinations,
Arranged from modern calculations:
But notwithstanding all his pranks,
His tickets only brought him blanks.
At last, in hopes to mend his fortune,
He thought he'd try his luck in courting.
He tied his new cravat with care,
Perfumed his dress and combed his hair;

He learned to walk with due uprightness,
To dance a figure with politeness ;
To enter drawing-rooms with grace,
To screw the dimples on his face ;
To make his bow, and then sit down,
As neat as any beau in town.

Accomplished thus, he tried his arts,
To captivate the ladies' hearts.

But though he sought the bloom of health,
His chief inquiry was for wealth :

On this he open'd all his battery,
With stores of wit and stores of flattery.

But every lady he selected

Refused his hand, his love rejected,

And he was doom'd to pass his life,

Without the blessing of a wife.

Then driven on by desperation,

At length he plunged in dissipation ;

With wine and gaming spent his hours,

Degrading, wasting all his pow'rs,

Till cash was spent and health was gone,

And even death seem'd hastening on.

Hope had departed, joy had fled,

And sorrow hover'd o'er his bed ;

When sleep and care his eyes oppress'd,

And youthful visions warmed his breast.

He thought the sun was beaming o'er him,

He saw his early home before him :

The well known pine, beneath whose shade

He oft had in his childhood play'd ;

The gentle stream which glided by,

And all the landscapes caught his eye.

He saw his father bent with years,

His furrow'd cheek suffused with tears,

Lamenting oft, in accents wild,
His prodigal but darling child ;
And oft his weeping mother mourn'd,
" Oh why has not my son return'd !"
The dream was o'er, the morn had come,
And soon the wand'rer sought his home :
With weary steps, o'er hill and dale,
He safely reach'd his native vale ;
His father's arms, his mother's kiss,
Soon realized his fancied bliss ;
And well-known voices soothed his mind,
Of friends he long had left behind.
Now free from heart-corroding care,
He breathes with joy the balmy air ;
He wanders through his native groves,
And peace returns, and health improves ;
And labor brings him sweet repose,
Which wild ambition never knows ;
And all his sorrows fade away,
Like shadows at the dawn of day.
At length, more wise and modest grown,
The prodigal is brought to own,
That prudence is the road to wealth,
And industry the friend of health ;
That study is the way to knowledge,
At home, or in the halls of college ;
That virtue is the purest pleasure,
And calm content the greatest treasure ;
That splendid wit is all a fallacy,
And honesty the safest policy.

Hamilton, July, 1826.

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

" In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials illumined her way,
And *order* conducted the Dame."

MASONIC MINSTREL.

Long had the East, in weary slumber bound,
Reclined in mental solitude profound,
When ignorance her boundless empire spread,
And dire oppression fill'd mankind with dread,
When papal mandates trampled on the law,
While nations bow'd with unresisting awe.
The lamp of science faded in the gloom,
And all was dark and dreary as the tomb,—
Save when the bloody steel of war shone bright,
Like meteors glittering in the depth of night.
But a glorious morning began to appear,
When the day star, adorning the heavens, drew near;
When the press and the pen their importance display'd,
And knowledge and truth were diffused by their aid;
When the *Bible* no longer from men was conceal'd,
And spotless Religion its beauty reveal'd;
When Newton unfolded the wonders of heaven,
And the course of the stars in their wide circle driven;
When the magnet was found to be true to the pole,
Though the tempest should rage and the mad billows roll;
When daring Columbus his genius had shown,
And discover'd a world and a people unknown.
Now bright as the ray which illumines the earth,
When the author of day in his glory shines forth,

From the regions of bliss, in a chariot of light,
Did the Goddess of Liberty burst on the sight.
Array'd in her robes of perpetual youth,
Attended by wisdom, and justice, and truth;
Protected by virtue and guided by love,
She had left her bright home in the mansions above,
And descended to earth, a new dwelling to find,
With the wisest, the bravest, and best of mankind.

Then first she paused on Afric's burning shore,
Its various climes and people to explore.
Here roll'd the Nile through Egypt's fertile clime,
Here tower'd the pond'rous pyramid sublime;
There lofty Atlas rose above the plain,
And drear Sahara stretch'd his wide domain;
But stain'd with sensuality and lust,
The human mind lay prostrate in the dust.
The lions roar'd on Ethiopia's waste,
And tigers' yells were mingled with the blast;
While the dark Ethiop, fleeing from distress,
Fled not to knowledge or to happiness.
There slave-ships plough'd the Gambia's golden flood,
Whose dismal dungeons smoked with human blood,
While frantic negroes, prostrate on the strand,
Now bade farewell to Guinea's wretched land;
Then, bound in chains, were wafted o'er the wave,
Or closed their suff'rings in a watery grave.

The Goddess, weeping, saw her labor lost,
Then wing'd her way to Asia's verdant coast.
She view'd the vast variety of man,
The dark Malay, the savage Tartar clan,
In northern climes, Siberia's frozen isles,
Or southern shores where fragrant India smiles;
Where sacred Ganges rolls his purple tide,
Or deep Hoangho's winding waters glide;

Where Himmaleh is crown'd with endless snow,
Or bright Arabia's spicy breezes blow.
Here luxury had wove her silken bands,
And sordid nations follow'd her commands;
A race effeminate, a sensual crowd,
To idol gods in adoration bow'd;
And bloody Juggernaut was roll'd along,
While death and carnage hover'd o'er the throng.

The Goddess paused, oppress'd with growing cares,
Then turn'd away her eyes suffused with tears,
Mourn'd for a race degraded by their crimes,
Then swiftly soar'd to Europe's brighter climes.
In classic lands she sought to find a home,
And fondly turn'd to visit Greece and Rome.
But Greece no longer fed the sacred fires
Which beam'd around her patriotic sires;
No Homer's harp in lofty numbers rung,
The fame of no Achilles could be sung;
Her marble temples crumbled on the plain,
And Greece submitted to the Turkish chain.
Imperial Rome, once mistress of the East,
Had sunk in vice, degraded and oppress'd;
Her palaces, with age and moss grown gray,
And lofty walls were hastening to decay.
Vesuvius, raging, pour'd his fiery streams,
And angry Etna belch'd his liquid flames,
While father Tiber roll'd his yellow waves,
Mournful and silent in a land of slaves.

The Goddess, turning, bade a sad adieu;
Then o'er the Alps on rapid pinions flew,
Explored the wilds of Europe's farthest space,
To seek and bless a more congenial race.
Here Spain exulted in her balmy bowers,
Where happy lovers pass'd their blissful hours;

Here France, luxuriant, till'd the fruitful vine ;
And heedless life was drown'd with mirth and wine.
There, in a narrow hut, mean and obscure,
Joyless and wretched, dwelt the German boor ;
While princely halls, magnificent and wide,
Contrasted poverty with wealth and pride.
There Russian peasants, doom'd to bootless toil,
Were bought and sold together with the soil ;
And Swedish hordes were sunk in dreamless sleep,
Where stormy Baltic roll'd his mighty deep.
Here Britain's fairer isle in prospect lay,
Queen of the earth, and mistress of the sea.
The silver Thames, upon his bosom, bore
A thousand ships from Europe's farthest shore,
And gentle Avon slowly moved along,
Where sages listen'd to the poet's song.
Here infant knowledge, driven by savage foes,
From tedious flight had dared to seek repose.
But genius sung, and science strove in vain,
While Europe bow'd beneath the tyrant's chain :
Her haughty nobles seized the reins of might,
And wealth and grandeur triumph'd over right ;
While lawless kings were sceptred on their thrones,
And tears were mingled with the people's groans.
The heavenly stranger, overwhelm'd with care,
Now paused awhile, convulsed in mute despair,
Then spread her glitt'ring wings, prepared to fly,
And seek her native mansions in the sky.
Now she turn'd with regret to bid mortals adieu,
When the bark of the pilgrims appear'd in her view ;
Their white canvass courted the prosperous gale,
From the land of oppression and terror to sail ;

As they sought a retreat in a region afar,
Beneath the pale beams of Hesperia's star.
Fair Liberty, smiling, advanced by their side,
And the Pilgrims received her, their guardian and guide ;
And the fleet spurn'd the sea as it sail'd o'er the wave,
To the land of the free, and the home of the brave ;
Till they reach'd the blue shore of Atlantic's vast flood,
Where the Goddess of Liberty chose her abode.
Now the blows of the axe in the wild wood resound,
And the oak of the forest is fell'd to the ground :
The meadows enrobed in rich verdure appear,
Where the shaft of the savage pursued the wild deer ;
The fields lately barren are cover'd with grain,
And villages rise in the midst of the plain.

But hark ! the loud yell sounds to war's dread alarms,
And the heroes of liberty fly to their arms.
Now the savages rush from the depth of the wood,
Imbued with fresh slaughter, and reeking in blood ;—
In night's awful gloom the red firebrands they hurl,
While the volumes of smoke in the dark ether curl,
And the victims, o'erwhelm'd in the ruins expire,
Or escape from the flames by the light of the fire.
Anon see the champions of freedom advance,
With tears on their cheeks and revenge in their glance.
As the rock meets the torrents around it that flow,
Unmoved they sustain the attack of the foe ;
As the torrents, impetuous, break over their banks,
They crush and discomfit the enemy's ranks ;
Till weary and weak, their hostilities cease,
And they bury the axe 'neath the broad tree of peace.
Now Britain, insatiate, from freemen demands
The blood of their bosoms, the work of their hands ;
And baffled in plunder, her forces prepare
To crush Liberty's realm by the Hydra of war.

But armies and navies advance o'er the main,
And Britannia's Lion growls thund'ring in vain;
For the strong arm of truth is the patriot's guard,
And the sword of the just, is the sword of the Lord.

Attended by wisdom, and virtue, and peace,
Columbia's wide regions in glory increase;
The spirit of knowledge revisits the West,
By slumber and darkness no longer oppress'd;
And the bright sun of science diffuses his rays
Till Europe receives a new light from the blaze.
On swift waving pinions fair Liberty rides,
To extend her dominions o'er Amazon's tides;
Now the heights of the Andes acknowledge her power,
And the climes of the south are in slavery no more.

From the slumber of ages the Grecians have sprung,
And heroes and sages the clangor have rung;
To freedom and light they are seeking the way,
And the Ottoman throne hastens on to decay.
Saw ye the lightning flash dart from the sky?
Heard ye the thunder crash roaring on high?*

"Tis the vengeance of heaven on the head of the foe,
And the impious crescent lies harmless and low.
Fast break the clouds away, fading in air,
Revealing the lord of day, splendid and fair,
And the morning breaks forth, when the multitude see
"The land of the bard and the warrior free!"
Now swift as the march of mind light shall extend,
Knowledge and justice in harmony blend,
Till Science illumines the terrestrial ball,
And the Goddess of Liberty rules over all.

Hamilton, August, 1826.

* These lines were written shortly after the fall of Missolonghi was announced.

CHANSON DE L'AMITIE.

"The world is bright before thee,
Its summer-flow'rs are thine ;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine."

MAY Heaven's constant blessing,
- Preserve thy heart from wo ;
And dearest friends caressing,
Their kindest smiles bestow ;
And brightly may
The passing day
Its pleasures round thee strew,
And purest joy,
Without alloy,
Thy peaceful cup o'erflow !

Thy beaming eye of beauty
Be free from sorrow's tear ;
The radiant path of duty
Be still thy calm career ;
A light divine
Around thee shine,
Thy sky be ever clear,
And seen afar,
Hope's vesper star
Thy blissful bosom cheer !

But when on wings of fleetness,
Thy years have glided by ;

When life has lost its sweetness,
And age has dimm'd thine eye ;
Released from clay,
Serenely may
Thy gentle spirit fly,
To welcome rest,
Among the blest,
In realms beyond the sky !

Hamilton, August, 1826.

ACADEMIC ADDRESS.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF HAMILTON ACADEMY.

"Oh! not as autumn birds forsake their nest,
 But to return when summer decks the plain;
 Not as the sun that slumbers in the west,
 To wake to-morrow in the east again;
 Not as the tone of harps, by winds carest,
 Which, lost awhile, swells forth in sweeter strain;
 But like a spirit, from its home of wo,
 That parts, unknowing whither,—thus ye go!"

HARP OF THE ISLE.

THE day declines; the hour is near,
 Which calls affection's warmest tear;
 When he who speaks must bid adieu
 To lips so warm, and hearts so true;
 When each dear friend shall leave this dome,
 To greet once more a distant home;
 When we who loved so much may sever,
 Perhaps to meet no more for ever!
 Comrades! another morn will rise,
 Again the sun will light the skies;
 Another moon shall wax and wane,
 Young flow'rs once more will grace the plain;
 New seasons still come rolling on;
 But where! oh, where shall we be gone!
 Though fancy's scenes with joy be crown'd,
 And hope's bright garlands bloom around;
 Yet varied as the raging sea
 Remains the tide of destiny.
 Oh! some will smile in pleasure's bow'r,
 Perhaps with honor, wealth, and pow'r;

And some will trim the midnight lamp,
And some will seek the warrior's camp ;
And some to distant lands may hie,
Away to live, unknown to die ;
And some true hearts perchance will sleep
Beneath the bosom of the deep !
Yet long shall faithful memory tell
How friends have sigh'd to bid farewell ;
And oft affection shall remind us
Of scenes and pleasures left behind us ;—
Of sunny prospects, cooling shades,
And moonlight walks in verdant glades,
Of study's ardent meditation,
And summer-evening's recreation ;—
Of former days of joy and gladness,
And parting hours of grief and sadness.

For ours has been the early lesson,
To expand the mind and form the reason ;
To move the pen with ease and grace,
The rules of language to retrace ;
The depth of numbers to explore,
And comprehend their boundless pow'r,
Where figures, variously design'd,
And symbols aid the wearied mind ;
The earth's vast surface to compare,
By map and chart, or rolling sphere ;
To learn the state of mighty nations,
With all their various relations ;
Their arts and laws to ascertain,
Their numerous customs to explain :
To know, from history's pond'rous pages,
The glorious deeds of former ages ;
What famous men have pass'd away,
Or empires fallen to decay ;

To trace the planets as they fly,
Along the blue ethereal sky ;
To find the cause of nature's changes,
As through the elements she ranges ;
Why heavy bodies seek the ground,
Or lightning spreads destruction round ;
To speak with force and eloquence,
And write with purity and sense ;
In ancient authors to explore
The mysteries of classic lore ;
In modern tongues our thoughts to frame,
And spread afar our country's fame ;
'Twas ours to climb truth's lofty mountain,
And drink at learning's deepest fountain.

But " know yourselves," your nature scan,
And study well the mind of man.
To be respected, good and wise
Beyond the pow'r of learning lies ;
Virtue alone can make us great,
In this and in a future state ;
On that depends our solid worth,
Whate'er our fortune, rank or birth ;
A constant guide, a sure defence,
Its pleasure is its recompence.
Then may our minds, in early youth,
Imbibe the principles of truth ;
May virtue's precepts guide our ways
Through life's untrodden, thorny maze ;
So shall we walk the path of peace ;
So shall prosperity increase ;
Thus shall our days be happy here,
And pass away without a tear !

Though rude the winds of winter blow,
On endless heaps of drifted snow ;

Spring quick returns, with gentle show'rs,
And vernal landscapes deck'd with flow'rs,
Till Cancer's sun pours down his rays,
And summer burns beneath his blaze.
Then Ceres leads her welcome train,
And waves the fields of golden grain,
Till winter comes, with aspect drear,
And ends the swift revolving year.
Such is the fleeting life of man ;
His moments few, his days a span :
Soon as the sun of knowledge shines,
His verdant spring of life declines ;
And should he pass a summer hour,
Of science, honor, wealth or pow'r,
That summer soon will pass away,
The fruits of autumn soon decay,
And wintry age, with gasping breath,
Will close the solemn scene in death !
Like bubbles on the ocean's shore,
Which rise, and straight are seen no more ;
Or like the track upon the sand,
When whirlwinds blow on Guinea's strand ;
His name is blotted from the earth,
Nor fame prevails, nor noble birth ;
His spirit hastens to the bourne,
From which no traveller can return !
But there's a blissful world above,
The mansion of a Saviour's love,
Where care and sorrow ever cease,
And happy spirits rest in peace.
And there's a pow'r that aids the soul
To gain that high and shining goal ;

And there's a book that points the way
To that fair realm of endless day ;
Make this your guide, and yours shall be
The pleasures of eternity !

Hamilton, Sept., 1826.

NEW YEARS ODE.

Written for the Phœnician Society of Hamilton College.

Hail to the lovers of music and mystery !

Hail, fellow-students, both sober and gay !

Science and Politics, Grammar and History,

Reason and Logic are crazy to day :

My rhyme is ill-chosen, my ink is all frozen,

And blots by the dozen around me appear ;

But still in the issue, before they dismiss you,

Permit me to wish you a happy new year.

Now in the time of the festival holidays,

Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Years and all,

When Freshmen and Seniors together keep jolly days,

Down Clinton Street or up Hamilton hall ;

When books are neglected, and study rejected,

And pleasure expected by all ranks of men ;

In this merry season, it cannot be treason

That rhyme without reason should govern the pen.

Sing then of peace and continued prosperity,

Raise the glad anthem abroad and at home ;

Trumpet our nation's renown to posterity,

Tell of her glory in ages to come :

Our internal ditches, the wonder of witches,

Will add to our riches and cherish our trade,

While steam and canal boats, and large ships and sail-boats,

And packets and mail boats our commerce will aid.

Sing of our Congress and President's message,
Talk upon politics much as you will ;
May every good law have a speedier passage,
And every *dull* speech-making member be still ;
May truth be regarded, and merit rewarded,
And error retarded, while vices are few ;
That every vile faction, or wicked transaction,
May meet with detection and punishment due.

Sing of uncommon escapes and recoveries,
Steam-boilers bursting, or stages upset ;
Sing of inventions and noted discoveries,
Since the last visit of General Fayette ;
Of Reynolds's lectures, and Mitchell's conjectures,
With spider-web textures of arguments thin,
On Capt. Symmes' notions of internal oceans,
And wonderful motions of regions within.

Sing of our maidens, so lively and pretty,
With cheeks of the rose and the lily combined,
With red lips, and bright eyes, and ringlets so jetty,
Adorn'd with all graces of person and mind.
Still may they inherit the beauty and merit,
And well-temper'd spirit, which lovers revere ;
And each be surrounded with pleasure unbounded,
While joy's trump is sounded, this happy New Year !

Hamilton College, Jan. 1, 1827.

THE REQUIEM.

On the death of a Classmate, Cadet Marks J. B. Wood, of Georgia,
at West Point, March 19, 1828.

WHY rolls the solemn, muffled drum,
And peal the notes of wo?
As on the breeze their accents float,
So mournfully and slow:
Why stoops yon spangled banner
From its glorious seat above?
And why does yon procession
In funereal silence move?

From its frail abode of sorrow
Has a noble spirit fled;
A young and gallant soldier sleeps
Among the silent dead;
And yonder are his weeping friends,
The generous and the brave,
To bid a long, a last farewell,
And lay him in the grave.

He fell;—not in the battle-field,
Where war's loud thunders sound,
Where heaps of slain and wounded lie
Along the bloody ground;
But darker was his hapless fate,
By grim disease to fall,
Than have the flag of triumph
O'erspread his funeral pall.

He died ;—not in his early home,
So dear to fancy's view,
Where once among the scenes of youth
His rapturous moments flew :
No dear relation at his side
Received his parting breath ;
An orphan, in a distant land,
He closed his eyes in death.

But bitterly was shed for him
Affection's warmest tear ;
And many youthful cheeks were wet,
Around his lonely bier .
And the hearts of his companions
Shall be his sacred urn,
Till all the friends who weep for him
To dust again return.

His mortal frame is mouldering
Beneath the dreary clod ;
His spirit has return'd
To its Creator and its God :
Then rest thee, brother soldier,
In thy lone but peaceful tomb,
Till the angels' trump shall call thee,
In the final day of doom !

May'st thou, at that dread moment,
In immortal glory rise,
Robed in the spotless uniform
Of saints beyond the skies ;

And there may we all meet thee,
On that celestial shore,
Where sorrow turns to gladness,
And where friends shall part no more !

West Point, 1828.

TO A GOLDFINCH,

Which, after having escaped from its cage, returned to its fair owner.

BIRD of the gentle wing,
Songster of air,
Home, from thy wandering,
Dost thou repair?
Art thou deserted then,
Wilder'd and lone?
Come to my breast again,
Beautiful one.

Here in the rosy beds
Hover anew;
Eating the garden seeds,
Sipping the dew:
Then in my bower
The fragrance inhale
Of each lovely flower
That waves in the gale.

When the bright morning star,
Rising on high,
Day's early harbinger,
Shines in the sky,
Then shall thy numbers,
So lively and gay,
Rouse me from slumbers,
To welcome the day.

When the still evening comes,
Tranquil and clear ;
When the dull beetle roams,
Drumming the air ;
Then, on the willow-trees
Shading the door,
Sing me thy melodies
Over once more.

Thus shall the moments fly
Sweetly along,
Tuned to thy minstrelsy,
Cheer'd by thy song ;
Till as the light declines
Far in the west,
Thou, 'mid the trellis'd vines,
Hush thee to rest.

West Point, May, 1828.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Written in remembrance of a visit to Niagara, and Queenstown ;
April 20, 1827.

" Niagara rolls on. The faithless wave,
That tore the Indian from his gentle cove,
Is smooth and bright as silver. Nothing speaks
Of last night's rain : and now the rainbow smiles,
And the white gull flaps through its orange light ;
And the eternal roaring of the Falls
Goes on the same. Wild Indian, farewell !
Thou wert a brother, and thy dying bed
Was the white lashing spray ;—thy only knell
The Rapid's thunder ;—and the deep, deep gulf
Thy sunless sepulchre !"

J. R. ORTON.

THE sun shone brightly o'er me as I stood
And gazed upon Niagara's swelling flood ;—
Whose waters, springing from a distant source,
Through ages past have sped their solemn course ;
Then rushing downward, o'er the lofty rock,
Have made the mountains tremble with their shock ;
Till flowing on majestic and free,
They join'd afar the bosom of the sea.
Between rich plains, extending far around,
And gentle hills with verdant foliage crown'd,
Whose sloping sides grow dim in distant blue,
Niagara river steals upon the view.
Then winding slow the current glides along
Its fertile isles and sunny banks among,
Till soon it meets a rough and rocky bed,
And o'er the rapids dashes on with speed ;—

Sinks in the hollows, swells and sinks again,
 And rolls its billows like the raging main :—
 Now the huge breakers raise it to the skies,
 Whirlpools revolve, and foaming mountains rise.
 New floods behind, the waves before them urge,
 Approaching nearer to the giddy verge ;
 Till a fair isle the mighty current braves,
 And with its front divides the yielding waves.
 On either side the mighty waters roll,
 And ceaseless hurry to the frightful goal ;
 Then from the lofty rocks with awful sound
 Fall headlong downward to the vast profound,—
 Speed to the bottom, swell the deeps below,—
 Rise to the surface, boiling as they flow ;—
 In eddying circles vent their angry force ;—
 Then join the current and pursue their course.
 Here on the brow the sea-green flood rolls by,
 Reflecting all the brightness of the sky,
 While piles of foam, the cataract beneath,
 Hang o'er the rocks and round the billows wreath.
 There, as the falling torrent meets the air,
 White foaming fleeces down the chasm appear ;
 And the bright rainbow through the misty spray,
 Shines in the sun and gilds the face of day.
 And far below, from adamantine beds,
 The rocky banks erect their hoary heads ;—
 While lofty trees, like dwarfs, above them seen,
 Clothe the high cliffs with robes of brightest green ;
 Like upturn Ossa, from its centre riven,
 When the fierce giants fought the pow'rs of heav'n.

I thought when gazing on this glorious view,
 How once the Indian, in his bark canoe,
 While fishing far away upon the wave,
 Was swiftly buried in a wat'ry grave.

As moor'd at anchor on the treacherous flood,
He throws his net and line in sportive mood,
How great his horror when at first he hears
The cataract swelling louder on his ears ;
When first, beneath the evening's dusky hue,
The mighty rapid breaks upon his view ;
And unsuspected, with the currents' glide,
His little boat is carried by the tide,—
While the dim figures seen upon the strand
Move with the stream which bears him from the land !
Then is his angle rod in haste thrown by,
While resolution flashes from his eye ;
Then his strong arm, unceasing bends the oar,
His course directing to the nearest shore ;
At every stroke he dashes through the foam,
And anxiously seems drawing toward his home.
Row ! Indian, row ! avoid the fearful steep !
Bend the light bark, and o'er the waters sweep !
Too late, alas ! the vigorous arm is strung ;
The rapid current hurries him along !
In vain he sees his cabin gleam afar,
Beneath the twinkling of the evening star ;—
The shore recedes, the hut eludes his sight,
Then fades in distance mid the gloom of night !
And now the breakers swell with lofty waves,
And now his bark their foaming summit cleaves ;
Despair now seizes on his wearied breast,
His oars neglected lie upon their rest ;
His dog, unheeded, fawns upon his side,
Then leaps, unconscious, in the fatal tide.
One pray'r is utter'd by his wilder'd mind ;
Then sits the Indian, silent and resign'd,
And in his light canoe with patience waits
The speedy issue of his awful fates.

Now roar the waters, terrible and loud,
 As heaviest thunder from the blackest cloud ;
 And now the chasm its awful depth reveals,
 And now the bark upon its summit reels ;
 Then down the vast abyss is viewless borne,
 To depths of darkness, never to return !
 The setting sun beheld him far from shore,
 Whom rising morn shall ne'er awaken more ;
 But on the beach his bones unburied lie,
 And whiten under many a summer's sky ;
 And oft, the Indians say, his spirit roves,
 Where once he hunted in his native groves ;
 And ever as he flies before the wind,
 His faithful dog still follows close behind ;
 And oft in loneliness the maiden weeps,
 Beside the waters where her hero sleeps ;
 And oft the stranger listens to his tale,
 And hears the warriors raise his funeral wail ;
 While fervent prayers to the Great Spirit rise,
 To bless their brother-hunter in the skies.

West Point, Oct., 1828.

THE GARLAND.

Written for and at the request of a Friend, to whom the writer would here apologize for seeming but unintended neglect.

I've braided thee a garland bright,
Of lovely flow'rs combined,
An emblem of thy gentle form,
A symbol of thy mind ;
Oh ! may, with each returning spring,
Thy hopes as radiant be !
Then wear the wreath upon thy brow,
And still remember me.

I've pluck'd the mountain evergreen,
A token of thy truth ;
I've deck'd it with the blooming rose,
The lovely type of youth ;
I've sought the modest violet,
Around the verdant dell ;
I've cull'd the lily of the vale,
Thy purity to tell.

And brightly will the garland twine
Around thine auburn hair ;
Its roses with thy rosy cheeks
Will beauteously compare ;
The lilies with thine ivory brow
As gracefully will vie ;
And dew-drop gems will sparkle there,
To match thy beaming eye.

Alas! that flow'rs so beautiful
Must wither and decay;
Alas! that thus the fairest form
Must shortly fade away;
But may'st thou seek a better part,
A brighter world on high,
And smile to see in death's dark storm
The rainbow of the sky.

Then wear this garland on thy brow,
And think by whom 'twas wove;
Oh! keep it as the sacred pledge
Of warm, devoted love!
And still with each returning spring
I'll twine fresh flow'rs for thee,
If thou wilt take this blooming wreath,
And kindly smile to me!

West Point, Oct., 1828.

THE HERMIT'S VESPER HYMN.

"'Twas then by the cave of a mountain afar,
A hermit his song of the night thus began ;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

BEATTIE.

A HERMIT of the forest wild,
Far from the busy throng,
His lonely moments thus beguiled,
And sung his vesper song :

"Eternal Lord of earth and sky !
Thou great unseen, unknown !
Who dwell'st in sovereign majesty,
Omnipotent alone ;—

Thou art the source of every good,
My help in every care ;
Thou quell'st the raging of the flood,
And tempest of the air.

The glittering stars their courses run,
By thy supreme decree ;
The evening moon, and morning sun,
Receive their light from thee.

By thee the earth is crown'd with flow'rs,
And yellow fields of grain ;
By thee the clouds send down their show'rs,
And verdure decks the plain.

To thee all creatures owe their birth,
That swim, or fly, or creep;—
The fowl of air, the beast of earth,
And monster of the deep.

And man is thine : his wondrous frame
Was fashioned by thy hand;
The vital spark, from thee that came,
Departs at thy command.

Oh ! be my guardian and guide,
My father and my friend,
Till whelm'd in death's resistless tide,
My pilgrimage shall end !”

West Point, Oct., 1828.

THE IMMOVEABLE JAW.

Recording a fact which actually occurred, and the allusion to which will, it is hoped, be pardoned by the valued Friend to whom the accident or adventure pertained.

THE subject of my story, or the hero of my tale,
Is an under jaw immoveable as that of Jonah's whale,
A mouth so wide extended, that at one devouring swoop
'Twould easily have swallow'd down the whole of Korah's
troop.

No doubt you've heard of mouths, my friends, of ev'ry size
and shape,
Of twisted mouths, and mouths awry, that never dared to
gape,
Of pretty mouths with cherry lips, of which fair maidens
boast,
Just made to kiss and sip their tea, and mince their sweeten'd
toast.

You may have heard of jaws, my friends, much more than
I can prate,
Of steel-trap jaws, and lantern jaws, and crooked ones and
straight;
And death by means of jaws, they say, has sometimes
come to pass,
For Sampson slew his thousands with the jaw-bone of an
ass.

I will not, therefore, try to say for what all jaws were made,
Although there's reason to believe that eating is their trade;
But jaws you ought to know are moved on hinges tough as leather,
And when they're stretch'd too far apart, they will not come together.

For once upon a time, it is the truth that I relate,
A certain under jaw, sirs, underwent a doleful fate;
One evening when its owner yawn'd, as sleepy men will do,
This jaw hung down most sadly, and he could not shut it to.

We hasten'd for a surgeon; but no surgeon could be found;
And terror first, but mirth at last, drew many gazers round;
Till viewing in the looking-glass his much distorted face,
Our friend laughed too, so keenly, that his jaw resumed its place.

West Point, Nov., 1828.

THE SEA AND THE STORM.

"I have said that the honor of a nation requires it to engage in war for a wise end. I add, as a more important rule, that its dignity demands of it to engage in no conflict without a full consciousness of rectitude. . . In declaring war, it should listen only to the voice of duty. To resolve on the destruction of our fellow-creatures without a command from conscience, a commission from God, is to bring on a people a load of infamy and crime."

REV. DR. CHANNING.

THE mist descended from the snow
That whiten'd o'er the cliff;
The clouds were gather'd round its brow,
And solemn darkness reign'd below
The peak of Teneriffe.

For on that rocky peak and high,
Magnificent and lone,
The awful *storm-king* of the sky,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
Had rear'd his cloudy throne.

By him the raging winds unfurl'd,
Swept o'er the prostrate land;
And thence, above the affrighted world,
The flashing thunder-bolts were hurl'd
Forth from his red right hand.—

Uprising from his cave of jet,
While mists obscured his form,
With streaming locks and vesture wet,
The *Spirit* of the ocean met
The *Spirit* of the storm.

“And why so madly dost thou dare,
Proud Spirit of the sea,
To tempt the monarch of the air,
With the whirlwind’s rage and the lightning’s glare?
What seekest thou of me?”

“I have risen afar from my coral caves,
Where the pearls are sparkling bright,
To roam o’er the isles I have girt with my waves;
And I hurl defiance at thee and thy slaves,
And I challenge thee here to the fight!”

“Take this in return!” and the thunderbolt rush’d
From the midst of a cloud of fire;
The tempest forth from his nostrils gush’d,
And the island forest his footsteps crush’d,
In the burning of his ire.

Now fierce o’er the waters mad hurricanes boom,
And the depths of the ocean uprend;
Now the waves lash the skies with their torrents of foam,
And whirlwinds and billows in furious gloom,
Meet, mingle, and fiercely contend.

But the monarch of ocean spurns his thrall,
And evades his fierce control;—

Away in his ice-clad crystal hall,
He still reigns absolute monarch of all
That surrounds his frozen pole.

The day breaks forth, and the storm is past,—
Again are the elements free ;
But many a vessel is still sinking fast,
And many a mariner rests at last,
In the bosom of the sea !

Even thus when monarchs hostilities wage,
And the war-cry fills the air,
When nations are plunder'd, and armies engage,
The peaceful and weak fall a prey to their rage,
But what place has justice there ?

West Point, Jan., 1829.

TO MY SISTER.

"The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;
 She had each folded flow'r in sight,—
 Where are those dreamers now?

"They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth;—
 Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, *Oh earth!*"

MRS. HEMANS.

AGAIN beneath our early home,
 I meet thee, fill'd with hope and gladness,
 But soon, too soon, the time will come,
 When tears of joy will change to sadness.
 I knew thee once, a beauteous child,
 That sweetly in the cradle smiled;
 And I have rock'd thee as thou slept,
 And o'er thy slumbers vigils kept;
 And I have heard thee lisp my name,—
 And I have loved thee still the same,
 And thought of thee, when far away
 Within the dwelling of the stranger;
 Through lingering eve, and livelong day,
 Or in the darkest hour of danger.

I see thee now a vernal flow'r,
 Its hue and fragrancy unfolding;
 And oh! in spring's delightful bow'r,
 What fairer form is worth beholding!—

And other changes still will come,
And thou wilt leave thine early home;
And other friends will meet thy gaze,
And other tongues will speak thy praise,
And Providence thy life will bless,
With plenty, peace, and happiness.
Oh then, when I am far away,
And thou art given to another,
Wilt thou among the proud and gay
Remember still thy distant brother!

Thus on the rapid years will pass,
And life's bright summer sun be shaded;
And then thine image in the glass,
Will tell thee how those charms are faded.
And friends will leave thee, one by one,
Till all thy intimates are gone;
And sorrow then will cloud thy brow,
So beautiful and joyous now,
Till all the pleasures known before,
Shall be experienced no more:
And then the final change will come,
And all the ties of life will sever;
And thou wilt sleep beneath the tomb,
To wake but once again, for ever!

And what is life? 'tis all of time
That to the human race is given;
A rugged path which all must climb,
That sinks to hell or mounts to heaven.
'Tis like the flowing of a stream,
Or like the changes of a dream.
The dream that flits across the mind,
Leaves no reality behind;

The stream is lost beneath the sea,
As time beneath eternity.
Eternity ! a boundless deep,
Devouring time since earth's creation,
Where time and nature both must sleep,
Hereafter in annihilation !

'Tis not the joys that earth can give,
Though good, and pure, and worth possessing,
For which the prudent mind will live,
Or which will prove its greatest blessing.
The path of peace and innocence,
A conscience void of all offence,—
The Christian's faith, the Christian's love,
The gift that cometh from above,
Are higher, nobler ends than this,
And sources of a purer bliss.
Oblivion soon will spread its pall,
Eternity will ope its portals ;
Alas to man, if earth were all
Of happiness to dying mortals !

May'st thou, my sister, seek the prize,
That lasts though poverty assail thee ;
A heritage beyond the skies,
A treasure that will never fail thee.
May peace and plenty deck thy shrine,
Be health and reason ever thine ;
May truth and virtue guide thy ways,
Through life's perplex'd and thorny maze ;—
And may religion guard thy path,
Through life, and through the gates of death ;

Then, when thy form in darkness lies,
And moulders in its peaceful slumbers,
Serenely may thy spirit rise
Where angels hymn their tuneful numbers !

Burlington, Otsego Co., N. Y., July, 1829.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

"The star can shine on many brooks;—
The brook can see no star but this."

STAR of evening, beaming bright,
With a never dying light;
Still thy constant course pursue,
Ever welcome to my view.

Star of evening, I have oft
Watch'd thy constant course aloft,
When the frequent fleecy cloud
Wrapt thee in its sombre shroud.

I have waited till again
Should thy beams illumine the plain;
And have seen thy parting ray,
O'er the waters, twinkling, play.

When the sailor's course is lost,
And his vessel tempest-toss'd,—
Joyfully he turns to thee,
As thou breakest on the sea.

When thou smilest from above,
Is the sacred hour of love;—
Absent beauty's worshipper
Looks to thee, and thinks of her.

At thine approach, the vesper hymn
Peals along the chapel dim;

And the solemn voice of pray'r
Mingles with the dewy air.

Beneath thy beams the shepherds slept,
Or their watchful vigils kept,
When the angels brought to earth
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Star of eve! thy cheerful rays
Waken thoughts of former days,—
Lead our minds to hopes of bliss,
In a brighter world than this.

Thou dost seem to fancy's eye,
Throned in yonder sapphire sky,
Like a home of endless rest,
For the spirits of the blest.

While I wander through the gloom
Which surrounds my mortal doom,
Still, sweet vision, shine afar,
Be thou still my guiding star.

West Point, Oct., 1829.

A SWISS TALE.

Written in the Album of a very young Lady, of Swiss descent, since deceased.

FAR in a lovely vale away,
Where Switzerland's blithe shepherds stray;—
Before the tyrant Gessner fell
Beneath the sword of William Tell;—
Within a green and shady wood
A peasant's cot and garden stood.
Beyond it was a lofty mountain,
Beside it was a crystal fountain;
And thence, beside the garden alley,
A stream meander'd through the valley.
Along its banks the flocks would graze;
And oft the passing stranger gaze,
To see the shepherd with his crook,
Attend the sheep beside the brook.
It was a shepherd own'd the cot;—
In truth it was a lovely spot;
The garden was bedeck'd with flow'rs;
The vines had clamber'd o'er the bow'rs;—
And there, beside that stream of water,
Himself, and wife, and only daughter
Had lived contented and alone,
By all, save shepherd friends, unknown.

Fair Ellen was a lovely child,
In manners sweet, in temper mild
In conversation always gay,
And quick her parents to obey;

Her conduct was by all approved,
And all the youth who saw her loved.
Young Henri was a noble youth,
His heart was disciplined in truth;
His courage oft had been the theme
Of all the hamlets on the stream.
His father lived beneath the hill,
His flocks were pastured by the rill,—
And Henri oftentimes would roam
To spend an hour at Ellen's home.
Her simple song and artless smile
Would oft his tedious hours beguile,
Until at length, in maiden pride,
She gave her vow to be his bride.

It was a glorious day of spring,
When wood and vale were blossoming;
The sun was shining clear and bright,
On Mount Bernhardin's lofty height;
Its peak, for ever white with snow,
Like burnish'd silver shone below :
And all along its craggy side
The lofty glaciers, steep and wide,
Of massive ice a mighty load,
O'erhung young Henri's fair abode :—
When Henri, sitting by his sheep,
Watching Bernhardin's dizzy steep,
Beheld,—oh direful was the day !—
Beheld the avalanche give way,
Break from the hill, and downward dash,
With headlong speed, and horrid crash ;
And taking, with resistless force,
His father's cottage in its course,
Crush it to atoms, and amain
Move thundering onward o'er the plain !

With heart distracted at the view,
Swift tow'rd his cottage Henri flew ;
He found his father's mangled form,
Bereft of life, yet bleeding—warm ;
His only brother buried deep
Beneath that crush'd and ruin'd heap.
With tears of anguish Henri gave,
All that remain'd to give, a grave ;
Then slowly turning down the dell,
To Ellen bade a wild farewell ;
And fled afar to seek relief,
Oblivion of his speechless grief.

But now the tyrant Gessner's band
Were ravaging fair Switzerland ;
And many a chief, by many a river,
At midnight barb'd the teeming quiver ;
And many a freeman aimed his dart
In secret at the tyrant's heart.
Young Henri sought the patriot brave,
“ And rush'd to glory or the grave.”
When night and darkness wrapt the sky
And torrents fell, and winds were high,
And Boden See's wide foaming shore
Echoed the billow's fearful roar,—
The patriot heroes, rushing down,
Regardless of the tempest's frown,
Would storm the unsuspecting posts,
Where slept the tyrant's fated hosts,
And deadly vengeance dealt the blow
Which laid the hostile cowards low.
Anon there came a direful tale
Of threaten'd crimes in Ellen's vale ;
Of Henri's fame and Gessner's wrath,
Of flames, and robbery, and death.

Swift as the wind, a trusty band,
Marshall'd at Henri's loved command,
Sped over mountain, stream and fen,
O'er glacier steep and rocky glen,
To save her life, or share the lot
Of Ellen and her father's cot.

They reach'd the vale, they saw afar
The raging flames, proclaiming war ;
They heard the bell toll out the knell,
While echo caught the solemn swell,
And mingled it with plaintive cries,
Which rose from human sacrifice !

Young Henri saw, and spurr'd his steed ;—
“ On, soldiers, on ! speed, horsemen, speed ! ”
With eyes of fire, and visage fell,
Which flash'd with rage unspeakable,
With buckler raised and sabre drawn,
“ Speed, horsemen, speed ! on, soldiers, on !
Charge, warriors, charge ! ” then, vaulting, sprung
The tyrant's thickest ranks among !
His sabre gleam'd, and right and left,
On every side a passage cleft ;
The cowards quail'd beneath his arm,
Like reeds before the winter storm ;
His trusty warriors, gather'd round,
Hew'd down the ranks, hemm'd in the ground,
Till all lay bleeding on the field,
And not a foe was left to yield.
But now advancing o'er the plain
Was heard the trumpet's joyful strain ;
And notes of triumph swell'd the gale,
From troops advancing through the vale.
Loud roll'd the drum, the banners waved :
“ Shepherds rejoice ! your land is saved,

The days of anarchy are o'er,
The tyrant welters in his gore ;
Our troops disperse, our tumults cease,
Our country now shall rest in peace !”

It was a lovely day of spring
When wood and vale were blossoming,
And birds were singing, and the trees
Yielded their perfume to the breeze ;
And all the shepherds of the valley
Were ranged beside the chapel alley ;
When, arm in arm, a lovely pair
Pass'd through the ranks assembled there,—
And, mid the joyful festal throng,
With solemn pray'r, and sacred song,
Knelt at the altar, side by side ;
And Ellen was brave Henri's bride.

West Point, Oct., 1829.

MORNING.

"Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell."

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

MORN'S orient beams appear, and one by one,
The weary stars, retiring from their watch,
Quench their bright lamps, and dimly sink to rest.
Blushing Aurora hides before the Sun,
Who yonder comes, upon his fiery car,
To ride his daily circuit through the sky,
Dispensing to the nations life and light.
A flood of glory show'rs upon the peaks
Of lofty mountains; bursts upon the plains;
Tinges with burnish'd gold the distant clouds,
That seem his shady canopy; and lights
His pathway up the heavens. Nature awakes
From drowsy slumber, active and refresh'd;
And air and earth are fill'd with animation.
The lowing herd disperse upon the mead;
The insect myriads murmur forth their joy;
And thousand songsters warble in the grove
Their notes melodious. A brighter green
Enrobes the foliage, glittering with dew,
And lightens up the landscape. Risen with the sun,
The cheerful ploughman yokes his patient team;
And while the fresh turned furrow stripes the soil,
Thinks of his distant harvest. Loudest now
Rings the gay anvil with redoubled blows;

Not amid gloom, as when in Etna's caves
The giant Cyclops forged the living thunder.
How glorious thus at morn to walk abroad,
Inhaling perfume, breathing the fresh air,
Listening to melody ; while all around,
We view, delighted, nature's lovely works,
In mountain, plain or stream, in earth and sky !
Still more delightful, when with beauty's self,
Creation's last, and best, and fairest work,
We hold sweet converse on our heedless walk !

West Point, Nov., 1829.

EVENING.

"Now glow'd the firmament,
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

MILTON.

'Tis evening; and the sun hath sunk to rest,
Mid purple clouds descending; and the stars,
Kindling their watchlights from his blazing fire,
With milder radiance fill the vault of heaven;
Each to the others, in responsive notes,
Singing the praises of their great Creator.
Now the moon, above the eastern hill,
Reveals her silver chariot, and anon
Climbs up the empyrean; tangled oft
With fleecy clouds; oft bursting into view;
In mellow beauty still she speeds her way.
How soft her beams glance on yon distant lake,—
Save where the falling mist obscures its face,
And curls along its banks, until afar
Its shores are blended in the shades of night.
How freshly breathes the air upon the cheek,
Beneath the woodbines of the trellis'd bow'r,
After the sultry heat of summer's day;
While sweetest flow'rs, beneath the stilly night,
Yield forth their perfume! Now the whippoorwill
Wakens the echoes in their viewless caves,
With plaintive music, mournful to the soul,
But sweet as memory of days gone by.

Hark ! hear the serenade's enchanting notes
Steal o'er the plain, melodious and soft,
And slow approaching, swell upon the ear.
Now they burst forth harmonious and loud,
In lofty chorus ; viol and guitar,
Soul-soothing flute, and tuneful flageolet,
And mortal voice, that angels well might deem
Of some blest spirit uttering notes of joy !
List to the symphony ! that dying fall !
And now it fades away, soft and more soft,
Sweet and more sweet, in solemn stillness hush'd,
Like the Æolian harp, when suddenly
The breeze departs to wake its chords no more.
And why should man repine, when nature thus
Beams often bright with grandeur, beauty, bliss !

West Point, Nov., 1829.

THE CONJUROR'S SONG.

Sung in the part of a Conjuror, at a Fancy Ball.

WHEN dusky night obscures the sky,
I mount my magic car;
And over the moor and the mountain I fly,
To chase each falling star.
And I take invisible forms,
To mount above the ground,
And gather the lightnings from out of the storms,
While the thunder rolls around.

I delve in the earth and dive in the deep,
Where never was mortal before;
The tide whirls around, and the mad billows leap,
And the hurricanes loudly roar:
The stars and planets retire,
The sun sinks under the main;
Volcanoes break out with their torrents of fire,
And dread earthquakes heave the plain.

Still downward afar I wend my way,
Till I reach my magic hall,
Where goblins, and witches, and elfins gray,
Attend my mighty call:
And I bind them down with the spell,
Of the mystic symbols ten;
And weave the enchantment that aids me to tell
The hidden fate of men.

But now I'm return'd from the ends of the earth,
With my wand, tiara, and all,—
To spend a few moments of pleasure and mirth,
And attend the Fancy Ball:—
Till my wandering star shall appear,
And the midnight bell be toll'd;—
Then ladies and gentlemen freely draw near,
And the book of your fates unfold.

West Point, Feb., 1830.

ELEGY.

On the death of Miss Catharine Alden ; youngest daughter of Major R. Alden, a much respected Officer of the Revolutionary War. She died at West Point, Sept. 29, 1830 ; aged 10 years, 10 months, and 10 days.

“ Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L' espace d'un matin.”

MALHERBE.

SHE is gone from her home, from her kindred departed,
To the dust we resign her, the young and pure-hearted.
The form that we loved, and the hopes that we cherish'd,
Ere yet their bright morning was over, have perish'd :
No more to her friends, in this sojourn of sorrow,
Shall the sweet voice of *Catharine* e'er welcome the mor-
row.

To us was her presence a fountain of sweetness,
Her mortal existence a bright dream of fleetness ;
But the chain that had bound her fair spirit is broken,
The final farewell has been mournfully spoken,
And long shall her friends for *her* absence be weeping,
Who now in yon silent green valley lies sleeping.

She is gone to her rest, to her kindred departed,
To the choirs of the angels, so young and pure-hearted.
The Lord hath but taken the gift he had given,
Too lovely for earth, hath recall'd it to heaven,
And the blossom now pluck'd from the arbor in sadness,
Shall there bloom, unfading, in beauty and gladness.

Then weep, ye who loved her, now lone and forsaken,
But weep not for her whom her Saviour hath taken,
She is gone ere the fragrance of childhood was blighted,
Or the spirit's pure pathway grown dim and benighted,
And soon shall ye meet her, though now doom'd to sever,
To greet, and to dwell with your *Catharine* for ever.

West Point, Sept. 30, 1830.

TO THE MOON.

Written during the Annular Eclipse of the Sun, Feb. 12, 1831.

OH thou great mistress of the tides,
Patron of thieves and homicides,
Absent by night, the friend of bad men,
Present by night, the friend of mad men,
Who talk to thee of love and glory,
From out their grated dormitory ;—
Thou smiling queen of silent night,
Array'd in robes of silver white,
I have a message for thine ear,
Which not a mortal soul may hear ;
Then list awhile, and hear me mention,
A few things well worth thine attention.

Thou regulatest, by thy motion,
Besides the rising of the ocean,
The time to pull up noxious weeds,
Plant pumpkin and muskmelon seeds,
Set hop-poles and cut timber-trees,
Stick cranberry beans and brush young peas,
And gather herbs of healing virtue,
Which, healing not, may yet not hurt you ;
For all such things are safest done,
Old ladies say, by time of moon.

Thy birth-day monthly is repeated,
Thy course of life as oft completed ;
Yet, though the first celestial madam,
As old, at least, as father Adam,

Thou hast not faded nor grown colder,
And now art only four weeks older.

Some say that thou art made of cheese,
For folks say anything they please ;—
If so, I'd like to have a slice,
To bait the traps to catch the mice.
But other folks, who build their faith on
The word of great Sanchoniathon,
Contend thou'rt not by a great dragon-deal,
As large as any common wagon-wheel,
And quite too small to cut a slice off,
To bait the traps to keep the mice off.
Philosophers, with much suavity,
Say thou hast some specific gravity.
But I am certain, dearest moon,
Thou'rt light as any air-balloon ;
For hadst thou gravity, thou'd'st fall,
And striking headlong, crush us all.

Thou, gentle moon, art often pray'd to,
By many a youth, and many a maid too ;
And thou should'st quickly hear their pray'r,
Lest they take cold in evening air.
The maiden, from her latticed arbor,
Surveys the distant ruffled harbor,
And deeply sighs, as, in her mind's eye,
Her lover sails right in the wind's eye ;
Thinking her hopes would all be blasted,
If he should tumble from the mast-head ;
And in a manner so improper,
Make some lean shark a hearty supper ;—
Then prays to thee from night till morn,
That speedily he may return.

The lover, with a doleful groan,
Wanders by moonshine, all alone ;
And turning to the moon his peepers,
While all the world besides are sleepers,
Sings " Tell me, moon, and tell me true,
When and where may lover woo ?"
Then, void of hope, all measures tried,
Determined upon suicide ;
Despairing that a love so deathless
Should thus be lost on one so faithless,
He takes his musket, loads and rams it,
With powder and with bog-grass crams it,
Then seeks some solitary meadow,
Takes aim, and fires, and shoots—his shadow.

Dear moon, thy crescent forms a model,
In many an oriental noddle,
For castles, towers, and minarets,
Pictured in Arabic gazettes ;—
Which, though they seem somewhat grotesque,
Are, ne'ertheless, quite picturesque.
Thou floatest on the Turkish banner
In quite a proud and pompous manner ;
And some prefer the crescent's horns,
To even England's unicorns.

Thou ledest our poor world a jaunt on,
Like a mischievous Jack-o'-Lantern,
While all the stars of heav'n's vault sing,
As thou around the earth art waltzing,
And like a top for ever twirling,
Art still about thy axis whirling ;—
And riding on *vectores radii*,
In length two million Roman stadii,

Dost hide the stars with occultations,
Giving the sailors great vexations.

Where's the lost Pleiad? canst thou tell?
Was it by thee obscured, it fell?

I wish when thou art off at random,
Around the zodiac driving tandem,
Thou'd'st take some notes as thou dost jog,
And make a stellar catalogue,—
With notes of other strange phenomena,
To aid the science of astronomy.

We'd make thee our official messenger,
To tell the stars of all that's passing here,
And bring us word of all the news,
Each time that thou return'st from cruise.
Tell Sol to send his chariot near here,
For winter's growing rather drear here;
And half a dozen of his rays
Are worth a deal of coal-fire blaze.
Tell Mars that Poland is in arms,
And Europe fill'd with dire alarms;
Tell him to send the Poles some bullets,
To tap the Russian soldiers' gullets.
But *specially*, and don't forget it,
For if you do you will regret it,—
Tell that huge comet hither sailing,
Whenever he's in reach of hailing,
To keep at a respectful distance,
And not to make the least resistance.
For should he come, like battering-ram,
To get a knock at Uncle Sam,—
As soon as e'er he comes in contact,
He'll violate the social compact;—

Tacit, 'tis true, yet understood
By all the stellar brotherhood ;—
That comets should, in all their dealings,
Respect a planet's rights and feelings,—
And not usurp his old abode,
Nor break his nose, nor stop his road.

Now what I have to add, dear moon,
Is short and sweet;—I'll tell it soon.
Without a jest, and far from joking,
I do assure you 'tis provoking
To hear of an eclipse,—believe it,—
Then not be able to perceive it.
Now this is certainly admissible,
That half the eclipses are invisible,
Because of rains and cloudy weather,
And other causes put together.
You know, as well as I, of yore, folks
Thought it was wrong to stand before folks,
And flogg'd their children, to remind them,
When men were by, to stand behind them.
Then, while describing your ellipses,
I pray you to avoid eclipses;
Or, if it needs must be that one pass,
Turn to the right and let the sun pass.

West Point, Feb. 12, 1831.

ISABELLE.

Suggested by the tale of the "Broken Heart," in the "Diary of a late Physician."

THE sun had set upon the shore,
Which murmur'd to the Hurlgate's roar ;
Where thousand pennons floated free,
In graceful folds above the sea ;
Till dusky twilight's sombre hue
Obscured the beauty of the view.
The island city's busy din,
Where late the noisy crowd had been,
Subsided in the gloom ;
And dark without, but bright within,
Grew many a happy home.
To one it was a festal night,
Devoted all to wild delight,
To merriment and mirth ;
Few are the maids that may compare
With her, the loved, the pure, the fair,
Who call'd these feelings forth ;
And many bosom friends were met,
In festival to celebrate
The evening of her birth.
A massive, crystal chandelier,
Illumed with lustre, soft and clear,
That wide and splendid hall,—
Where richly glow'd in every part
The painter's skill, the sculptor's art,

With mirror bright and wreath'd festoon,
Mingled in that superb saloon,
And hung around the wall.
The board is set,—
The guests are met,—
Joy animates the throng;
And beauty's smiles,
And pleasure's wiles
The varied feast prolong.
With flashes bright,
Of dazzling light,
Beams many a lovely eye;
While the rosy cheek,
And the red lip speak
Of joyous thoughts and high;
As the spirit of bliss,
In an hour like this,
Had stolen from the sky,
To revel in mirth,
'Mid the sons of earth,
And the minstrel's melody.
Their hearts are warm'd with unwonted glow,
Their feelings are fed by the freshest flow,
And were it thus ever, the earth might be
A dwelling meet for eternity.
Now fill the goblet to the brim,—
And the cup with rosy wine,
Till the cheek be sunk and the eye be dim
It will sweeten life's decline :
And the maidens laugh,
As their lovers quaff
A health to beauty's shrine.

Bland pleasure waves her silken crest,
And sounds her magic shell ;
Responsive wakes, in every guest,
The sympathetic spell ;
Each brow is bright, and every breast
Throbs with ecstatic swell ;
Save hers, the sweetest and the best,
The gentle mistress of the feast,
The lovely Isabelle.

For her lover has rush'd at his country's call,
His country's fame to save,
He has left his home and his father's hall,
To preserve from the angry Lion's thrall
The Eagle of the brave.

He is gone to the West, to the far frontier,
Unto Erie's stormy shore.
Where the warrior at midnight starts to hear
The thundering cannon's roar ;
And the shrieks of the dying pierce the ear,
Till they sleep to wake no more.

Young Duncan loved, as a hero may,
With a fervent, quenchless love ;—for they
Who are true to their country's fame,
Will deepest conceal, but will warmest feel
The love but one may claim.

And sad was the hour which saw him depart,
And pronounce the last farewell ;
But sadder still thenceforth was the heart
Of the gentle Isabelle.

And now she sat in thoughtful mood,
As if in pensiveness to brood
O'er some impending ill ;

While wit and mirth the tables crown'd,
And merry voices rang around,
Where she alone was still ;
And oft as rose the peals of gladness,
She sank in more absorbing sadness.

The banquet ceased, but more refined,
Remain'd the banquet of the mind ;
While love and friendship strew'd the hours
With youthful feeling's choicest flow'rs ;
Till music's notes to rapture rung,
And passion gazed while beauty sung ;—
Yet still a deeper sadness fell
Upon the breast of Isabelle.
Her friends to rally her, in vain
Call forth the lyre's enchanting strain ;—
Though each in turn the task begin,
With soothing notes her mind to win ;
They cannot reach the train of thought,
That lies too deep to be forgot.
At length they call on Isabelle
To sing the strains they love so well.
With many a kind and pressing word,
She sits beside her harpsichord ;
Then solemnly and mournfully,
Pours forth a plaintive symphony ;—
And wild, and wailing, as the grief
To which no time can bring relief,—
While deep excitement swells each vein,
Sings sweetly this prophetic strain.*

“ He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,

* The Coronach from the “ Lady of the Lake.”

Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest !
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

“ The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flow’r was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

“ Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou’rt gone and for ever.”

She paused, and now, as if inspired,
With superhuman visions fired,
A solemn prelude, wild and vague,
Announced the battle piece of Prague.
At first it seems with hurried speed,
The distant troops their marches lead ;
While echoing clarions swell the strain,
That leads them to the battle plain.

Then rings the trumpet's call to arms,
Then beat the doubled drum's alarms;
Then rank by rank the squadrons wheel,
'Mid cannon's roar and musket's peal;
Rush on to the charge, till they break and retire,
'Neath sulphurous clouds, amid flashing fire,
Where the fallen wounded with groans expire,
While the awful God of War rides thund'ring in his ire!

Thus, as the battle-song progresses,
With vivid touch the keys she presses;
Wakes the deep compass of the notes,
Like thunder from the cannon's throats,
And strikes—hush, hush, she stops, she cries
“Oh mercy, Heaven! my Duncan dies!”
She faints,—she falls!—haste to her aid!—
Bear from the halls the sinking maid!—
Bring water! perfume, odors rare!
Open the casement to the air!
Away! bring in the healing art!
But can it reach the wounded heart?
Hush! heard ye not that boding knell?
Oh! God of Heaven, save Isabelle!

“Pardon, dear friends, our broken feast,
A kind good night to every guest;
And may a happier morning light
Restore the pleasures of this night.”

The guests are departed, the hall is forlorn;
The maiden beloved to her chamber is borne;
She rests, on the pillow design'd for a bride;
Her kindred are gather'd and stand by her side.
“Awake, Isabelle! 'tis your mother who cries,”
And feebly and slowly she opens her eyes,—

Looks briefly to heav'n, then murmurs with pain,
" 'Tis sweet, dearest Duncan, to meet you again !
Farewell, my dear mother, farewell !"—'tis the last ;
Her soul has departed, her trials are past.
Her parents are weeping ; she sheds not a tear ;
Loved voices are calling ; but she does not hear.
She sleeps, with the host that no dream shall awaken,
Till the tomb shall be left by its ashes forsaken ;
She rests from life's pilgrimage, feels not its sorrow ;—
Her journey is over, she heeds not the morrow.

The hyacinth blossom is plucked from its stem,
The casket is broken, and gone is the gem !
Pale Death, the grim archer, hath bended his bow ;
The arrow hath sped, and the dove is brought low !
Oh ! fair was the victim thus fated to bleed,
And well might the spoiler exult in his deed !

And still were they weeping for Isabelle,
When tidings came that young Duncan fell
In the battle's front, 'mid the enemy's gore,
On Niagara's foam-clad, star-lit shore,—
While bearing the star-spangled banner on high,
And raising the shout of victory !

West Point, Feb., 1831.

COOPERSTOWN.

In remembrance of a visit to Cooperstown, and Party on the Otsego
Lake, August 19, 1831.

VALE of Otsego, ever dear,
Bright are thy scenes to fancy's eye ;
And noble bosoms throb sincere,
Beneath thy mellow, radiant sky.
Peace to thy village walks and spires ;
Peace to thy waters and thy shades ;
Bliss to thy matrons and thy sires ;
And bliss to thy unrivall'd maids !

Bright is Geneva's lake of blue ;
Grand is Niagara's awful roar ;
Wild is the Catskill's rugged view ;
And sweet Lake George's placid shore.
But bright, and grand, and wild, and sweet,
Thy lake of blue, and hills of green,
Where thousand mingled beauties meet,
To shed a halo o'er the scene.

Nor art thou doom'd to waste unknown,
Nor fades thy loveliness untold ;
For he, thou claimest as thine own,—
High on the list of fame enroll'd,—
Hath pictured in the glowing page
Each scene where mem'ry loves to dwell ;
And Gallic youth, and German sage,
In other climes thy beauties tell.

They stand beside the precipice,
And mark the falling of the deer ;
They linger o'er the steep abyss,
And tremble for *the Pioneer*.
They rove the mansion's lordly halls,
Where every object brings its charm ;
Where, ominous, the pictured walls
Display Britannia's sever'd arm.*

They wander through the pathless wood,
Where spring renews her leafy bower,
Where Nature, in her solitude,
Exerts her wonder-working power.
They view her now, as in her prime,
She sat in Eden's calm recess ;—
Majestic, simple and sublime,
The spirit of the wilderness.

They leap on board the light canoe,
They skim across the crystal lake,—
With not a breeze the deep to woo,
With not a ripple in their wake ;
Or silent spread the knotted twine,
At evening, from the distant strand ;
Then, gathering in the fatal line,
Bring countless victims to the land.

* This alludes to the papering of the mansion at Cooperstown, as described in the "Pioneers," which the writer observed to compare with the description. The figure of the papering represents Britannia, personified as a female figure, resting upon an urn ; but owing to a fault in the pasting, the arm, which comes on a separate roll, was severed from the body.

Thus fancy's wand, the magic pen,
Thy forest charms hath well express'd ;
And mirror'd thee, as thou wast then,
The model of the rising West.
Happy the author who can claim
A vale so lovely as his own ;
Happy the village that can name
So worthy and so famed a son.

And thou art changed ;—yet sweetly changed ;
In thy maturer garb array'd ;
More bright, more fair, but not estranged
From those who roam'd thy forest glade.
The lofty spires and cluster'd town,
The meadows wet with early dew,
Add lustre to the mountain's brown,
And yield the wave a softer hue.

I mark'd thee thus, one blissful morn,
When summer breath'd its balmy sighs ;
When music's cheerful notes were borne
In echoes to the shining skies ;
When gliding o'er the ruffled sea,
Our bark pursued its rapid way,
And maiden's smile, and manhood's glee,
Gave promise of that happy day.

We wander'd through the verdant bowers,
We listen'd to the murmuring rill,
Or on the lawn bestrew'd with flowers,
We met to dance the light quadrille.
We row'd beneath the pendant grove,
And cast abroad the tiny hook :

While many a lovely angler strove
To ensnare the rover of the brook.

We gather'd, in the sportive ring,
The merry sylvan games to share ;
We cool'd our wine beneath the spring,
And spread our rural banquet there.
We parted when the moonbeam shone
Upon the water's misty breast ;
When twilight music's dying tone
Composed the willing soul to rest.

'Twas thus, as poets tell the tale,
Arcadian shepherds pass'd the day ;
And thus in Tempe's rivall'd vale,
The happy moments flew away.
And mem'ry oft on scenes like this
Shall bid enraptured fancy dwell ;
Or whisper ; waked from dreams of bliss ;
Vale of Otsego, fare thee well.

Newport, R. I., Nov., 1831.

TO THE PACKET SHIP, * * *

" Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis, præter Japyga,
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
 Reddas incolumen, precor ;
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ."

HOR. CARMINA.

SPEED, gallant bark, to thy home o'er the wave !
 The clouds gather dark, and the mad billows rave ;—
 The tempest blows o'er thee, and scatters the spray,
 That lies in thy wake, as thou wingest thy way.

Speed, gallant bark, to the land of the free,
 The home of the happy, beyond the wide sea !
 Dear friends and near kindred, the lovely and fair,
 Are waiting, impatient, to welcome thee there !

Speed, gallant bark ! there's a seat at the board,
 Which the dame and the damsel reserve for their lord ;
 And the fond-hearted maiden is sighing in vain,
 To welcome her long-absent lover again.

Speed, gallant bark ! richer cargo is thine,
 Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine ;
 And the treasures thou bearest, thy destiny wait ;
 For they, if thou perish, must share in thy fate.

Speed, gallant bark ! though the land is afar,
 And the storm-clouds above thee have veil'd every star ;

The needle shall guide thee, the helm shall direct,
And the God of the tempest thy pathway protect !

Speed, gallant bark, though the lightning may flash ;
And over thy deck the huge surges may dash ;—
Thy sails are all reef'd, and thy streamers are high ;
Unheeded and harmless the billows roll by !

Speed, gallant bark ! the tornado is past ;
Staunch and secure thou has weather'd the blast ;
Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,
And soon the glad harbor shall greet thy return !

Newport, R. I., Nov., 1831.

THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

The object of this composition was to describe the different classes of Romances which have appeared in our language. "Parismus and Parismenus," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Three Spaniards," "The Children of the Abbey," and "Tom Jones," are particularly alluded to; as forming a series gradually leaving the supernatural, and approaching the realities of life; and the concluding stanzas allude to the Novels of Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper.

HAVE you seen the wight, as you may perchance.
Ycleped the Genius of Romance?
He has travell'd every inch of ground,
In the whole of merry England round;
Has been to Italy, France, and Spain,
And was very glad to return again;
Till at length he took a notion to come
And see brother Jonathan's notions at home.

He considers the world as a masquerade,
Where all kinds of tricks may be lawfully play'd;
And many a mask he has donn'd and tried,
But his changeable phiz he could never hide.
Of mystery, scheming, and sentiment, full,
He has long been a favorite of old Johnny Bull,
And the very worst scrape in which ever he got.
He was glad to get out of by paying his *Scott*.

A giant of old, in some castle vast,
Far off, in a forest or desert waste,

He would rouse some knight, with enchanted horn,
To rue the day that he ever was born :
For a blow of the giant's ponderous mace
Would fell the knight errant flat on his face ;
And a fiery dragon winged for flight
Bear the shrieking damsel away from sight.

Next he came as a goblin grim,
When the castle-halls at eve grew dim ;
And many a scream or dismal groan,
At midnight he utter'd from dungeon lone ;
Or a pale sad spectre robed in white,
From a gloomy niche he would rise upright ;
While the lamps burnt dim with a spectral hue,
And the warder totter'd aghast at the view.

Then forth he stalk'd with a murderer's scowl,
Disguised and muffled in cassock and cowl ;
He knew a false pannel that softly might slide,
He drew his dagger and push'd it aside,
He enter'd the chamber, and warily crept
To the side of the bed where the innocent slept ;
He drew the curtain that shelter'd his guest,
And plunged the sharp dagger full deep in his breast.

Anon he appear'd as an orphan maid,
In beauty's purity all array'd ;
By some true lover faithfully woo'd,
By lawless passion madly pursued ;
Oppress'd by want and the tempter's power,
With naught but virtue for shield and dower ;

Till Heaven, propitious to her distress,
Restored her to love and happiness.

Again, he sprung up, as a random shoot,
A generous scion from noble root,
With faults and foibles like other youth,
But his heart the fountain and mirror of truth,
Who loved and suffer'd, repented and err'd,
Still by his mistress excused and preferr'd,
Till at length, succeeding to title and land,
The friends of the maiden concede him her hand.

And now he came mask'd as the Great Unknown,
In a thousand shapes that were all his own;
Now as the Temple's proudest knight,
Rushing forth to the panoplied fight;
As the chieftain now that is true in death,
To his king and clan, to his friends and faith;
Or the haughtiest noble that bends the knee
To the brightest of England's royalty.

Risen again, he appear'd to view,
In many a mask of a sombre hue;
Haunting the market, fair, or race;
Sallying forth from his hiding-place;—
By evil example led astray,
A gentleman styled on the king's highway;
Disown'd and neglected by kin and kind,
His home and companions he soon left behind.

At length he roved in the Western wild,
In dress and simplicity Nature's child:

O'er verdant prairie or mountain brown,
Far from the hum of the busy town ;
Till he heard the woodman's axe resound
In the midst of the Indian's hunting-ground,
Then bent his way to a wilder sod,
Where the white man's foot had never trod.

Newport, April 6, 1832.

THE LAST PRAYER OF QUEEN MARY.

“O DOMINE DEUS! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me:—
In dura catena,
In misera pœna,
Desidero te,—
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro ut liberes me.”

TRANSLATION.

Oh Lord, my God, I have trusted in thee!
Oh thou dearest Jesus, now liberate me!
In rigorous chains,
In misery's pains,
My desire is for thee;
While languidly kneeling,
In sorrow's deep feeling,
I adore, I implore thee to liberate me.

Newport, R. I., Oct., 1832.

A BROTHER'S MEMENTO.

Written in an Album.

MY SISTER,

Accept the minstrel's token,
And preserve his feeble lay,
When the last fond word is spoken,
And thy brother far away.
While life and strength are left him,
And wherever be his lot,
Till memory is bereft him
Thou shalt never be forgot.
When hope's bright torch is lighted,
With devotion from on high,
Or thy fairest prospects blighted,
Under sorrow's frowning sky;
Whatever fate befall thee,
Whatever ills portend,
Whatever fears appal thee,
Thou hast still in him a friend.
He leaves thee,—not in sorrow;
Departs,—but not with pain;
For hope points out the morrow,
When we shall meet again:
And still on God relying,
Our minds may always rest,
That in living or in dying,
His children shall be blest.

Then hear his words of kindness,
And list to wisdom's voice ;
Waken'd from nature's blindness,
Pursue thy happy choice :
Oh ! better far to languish,
And throw earthly hopes aside,
Than wake to future anguish,
In perdition's endless tide !
Then court not present pleasure,
But duty's calls obey,
And gather up thy treasure
Where it never can decay :
Like the pure blue stream that meets thee,
May thy holy feelings flow ;
Like the bright green vale that greets thee,
Be thy love to all below.
Seek first the bliss of heaven,
Thy earthly cares resign ;
And all things shall be given
To the heir of grace divine.
Then fear not fortune's arrow,
But place in Him thy trust,
Who seeth not e'en the sparrow
Fall unnoticed to the dust.
In the gift of His affection,
May thy love to Him increase ;
And beneath His kind protection,
Mayst thou live a life of peace ;
And of all his laws observant,
Mayst thou hear the joyful word,
" Welcome, thou faithful servant,
To the bosom of thy Lord ?"

Burlington, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1832.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Written for the "Freeman's Journal," Cooperstown, N. Y., at the request of its esteemed Editor.

To you, kind Patrons, on this festal day,
The humble news-boy brings his duteous lay.
With gratitude the Arab wish he bears,
That each of you may "live a thousand years;"
And every one be past in constant bliss,
In unalloy'd, increasing happiness;
Hoping that he himself may live as long,
Each new year's day to greet you with his song.

With unabating speed, the unwearied sun
Another circuit in the heavens has run;
And now soft breezes, to the waking ear,
Announce the advent of the glad new year.

And, as the traveller on the mountain's brow,
Ling'ring, looks back upon the vale below;
Marks each bright landscape, each enchanting spot
Of groves and streamlets, left, but not forgot;—
Or forward turns, to seek with anxious glance,
What scenes will meet him as his steps advance;—
So would we pause, with retrospective thought
Of each event time's rapid course hath brought;
So mark the sunny hours for ever fled,
So weep for friendship wither'd with the dead;—
Wither'd, not blasted;—winter'd in the tomb,
To spring, hereafter, in immortal bloom;—

So would we strive, by reason's feeble light,
To pierce the future, with prophetic sight ;
So choose our path, that life's brief journey past,
We all may reach one happy goal at last.

Turn we then first to Europe's high career,
And mark her progress through the closing year.

Alas for Poland ! prostrate in the dust,
She long bewail'd her spoiler's broken trust ;
Till roused to action by her deep-felt wo,
She turn'd and grappled with her faithless foe ;
Pour'd out her life-blood on the battle-plain,
And struggled bravely till the task was vain ;—
Then overpower'd, beneath the tyrant's grasp,
Yielded her freedom with her dying gasp !
Ye who have wept o'er Kosciusko's bier,—
For his lost country shed one kindly tear !
Mourn, sons of freedom, for her fallen brave !
Others she help'd, herself she could not save.

Where late the lily only bloom'd to fade,
See the tri-color'd banner now display'd ;
A tyrant banish'd by a nation's voice,
A monarch ruling by the people's choice ;
Where nature's rights are better understood,
And pow'r employ'd to advance the public good.

Now Britain feels the soul-inspiring flame,
And wakes, resolved her dormant rights to claim ;
Demands her Commons for the people's own,
A barrier 'gainst the aristarchal throne.
Britain ! in arts as well as arms the first ;
The home in which our ancestors were nursed ;
What generous bosom does not welcome thee,
Of lands afar the foremost of the free !

While France and England aid the people's cause,
And advocate the reign of equal laws,—
Though Russia growl, and Holland's monarch frown,
And Pedro strive for Lusitania's crown,—
Though all the hosts of tyranny assail,
The cause of truth and freedom shall prevail.

And though the torch of war in future days
Should kindle Europe in a general blaze;—
Though armies to the battle-thunder rush,
And legions fall, and blood in torrents gush;
Our country, like a *rock*, shall stand unmoved,
By all respected, and by all beloved.
For true to justice, to our honor true,
To every nation rendering its due,
Unpledged, impartial, liberal and sincere,
Who shall molest? or what have we to fear?

Shall hellish discord raise his fiery crest,
And pour his venom in his country's breast?
Shall the weak limbs, complaining of their share,
Refuse the body's easy load to bear?
Withhold all sustenance till strength is gone?
Then find, too late, their strength was all its own?
But see, with justice arm'd and clothed in might,
The Hero comes to enforce his country's right;
Call'd by her grateful voice to guard her fate,
To take the helm and guide the ship of state,
His word prophetic makes the promise sure,
"The Union *must*, the Union *shall* endure."
And now with reason's clearest, calmest ray,
He comes to show the wanderers their way;
By mild persuasion strives their minds to draw,
To see their duty and obey the law;

Or else in justice's panoply array'd,
He marches forth to draw the battle-blade,
To arrest their course, to stay disunion's flood,
And quell the treason at the price of blood.

What hosts of mortals with the year now fled,
Have tenanted the chambers of the dead !
No more alone 'mid Egypt's catacombs
Champollion, seeking hieroglyphics, roams ;
Nor Cuvier shall nature's depths explore,
Nor Goëthe sing with swan-like sweetness more ;—
Nor young Napoleon, emulous of fame,
Make princes tremble at his mighty name !

How deeply manhood sleeps beneath the sod,
Which yesterday its buoyant footsteps trod !
How many a maiden, clothed in beauty's bloom,
Lies cold and voiceless in the silent tomb !
For lo ! with venom'd wing and breath of flame,
From Eastern climes the fell destroyer came :
Fear went before him, messenger of wrath,
Death stalk'd beside him,—terror mark'd his path :—
Loaded with spoils he pass'd, and left his urn,—
Grant Heaven, in mercy, never to return !

But you, dear patrons, have escaped his fang,
You have not felt for friends the parting pang ;
You have enjoy'd the luxury of health,
Improved in knowledge, and increased in wealth ;
Your thriving village stands, by all confess'd,
Fairest amid the fair ones of the West.
Your barns and granaries are fill'd with grain,
Your flocks and herds enliven all the plain ;
Your children smile the winter hours away ;
And their improvement crowns the well-spent day.

Then, as with thankful hearts you sit beside
Your happy hearth, at sober eventide,
When you pour forth an offering of praise
To Him who thus with plenty crowns your days,
While bleak winds whistle o'er the snow-clad moor,
Oh! think with pity on the helpless poor;
In charity extend your kind relief,
Prevent their suffering and soothe their grief.

For you, fair maidens, brighter than the morn,
Whom every virtue, every grace adorn,
What tribute can the humble news-boy bring
Worthy to be a New Year's offering?
Would new year's day but wait for April flow'rs,
He'd twine you garlands from the sweetest bow'rs;
Or did our streams Golconda's diamonds share,
He'd deck the wreaths with jewels for your hair;
Or could the falling stars be found in space,
The brightest ones should fill the diamond's place;
Or could the rainbow, with its tints so varied,
Be folded up and in a band-box carried,
He certainly would send for one express,
To make you all a handsome new-year's dress;
But seeing Fate has otherwise decreed,
He hopes you'll take the intention for the deed;
And since his gift to wishes is confined,
He hopes you'll meet with husbands to your mind;
That you, young gentlemen, may pass your lives,
With prudent, loving, amiable wives;—
In short, he wishes, gentle patrons dear,
Always, to all of you, a happy year.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 19, 1832.

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

On the receipt of a seal; a soaring eagle, with the motto :—

“ His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on :
So may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, and true to the line ”

LADY, not to me are given
Firmness, constancy, and power,
On the eagle's pinions driven,
Sunward from the earth to tower.

Boding cares and fears oppress me,
Viewless bonds my feelings chain;
Anxious dreams and hopes possess me,
Dreams and hopes perhaps in vain.

Mine is transient joy, that borrows
All the light it would bestow ;
But my deep, though silent sorrows,
Be it never thine to know.

When the mist so drear and lonely,
Shall have vanish'd from my brow ;
Lady, then, alas ! then only,
Mayst thou read my feelings now.

Happiness through life betide thee,
May thy sun unclouded shine;
With a light serene to guide thee,
May that lofty sphere be thine!

Newport, Feb. 2, 1833.

INVOCATION.

"As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below ;
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart runs darkly to ruin, the while."

MOORE.

THE winter moon is beaming
From her clouded throne on high,
The stars are dimly gleaming
From the borders of the sky,
While wand'ring on the lonely beach,
I list the ocean's roar,
And mark the crested billows reach
The far extended shore ;
Or watch the dim discover'd sail
Beyond the breaker's foam,
The laden ship with prosp'rous gale,
Advancing to her home:—
Joyful as she the land espies,
And speeds along the sea,
So joyfully my spirit flies,
To seek its rest with thee.

I mingle in the giddy dance,
Where love proclaims its pow'r,
And gaze on beauty's witching glance,
In that attractive hour ;
Soft voices warble in my ear,
While lovely forms are nigh ;

And sunny smiles that well might cheer
And win the coldest eye ;
Yet, when I mingle with the bright,
The gay, and beauteous throng,
Thy form is ever in my sight,
Thy name upon my tongue :—
My listless eyes undazzled rove,
My heart is fancy free ;
It only feels the throb of love,
Whene'er it beats for thee.

They say that I am heartless,
And know not how to feel ;
Because I would be artless,
Yet deepest love conceal :
I cannot talk of flames and darts,—
Make love a transient theme,—
Nor trifle with deserving hearts,
That claim my high esteem.
Their noble worth each passing day
In brighter lustre shows,
And gladly would this heart repay
The gratitude it owes ;—
But though mine eye returns a smile,
When others smile to me,
My bosom fondly burns the while,
With constant love to thee.

Thy cherish'd image charms me now,
As when at first we met ;
And that warm smile upon thy brow.
I never shall forget :—

It mirrors forth thy gentle mind,
Thy feelings pure and high,
Within the loveliest form enshrined,
That blesses human eye :—
That form, so bright and beautiful,
Seems given from above ;
That heart, so warm and dutiful,
Inspires my fervent love ;
And nightly, as I humbly bend
To Heav'n the willing knee,
I pray that blessings may descend
On thine, my love, and thee.

Then bid me not depart and weep,
In solitude and gloom,
O'er cherish'd hopes and feelings deep,
All blighted in their bloom :
Oh ! leave me not in loneliness,
Thy coldness to deplore ;
Mourning the wreck of happiness,
Thou only could'st restore ;
But fix my fond selection,
And make me wholly thine ;
And bless my warm affection,
With love as deep as mine ;—
So gently shall the current flow,
Of life's uncertain sea ;
And constantly, in weal or wo,
My heart shall be with thee !

THE SUN HAS SET.

Impromptu, in remembrance of a sailing party.

THE sun has set, the sky is clear,
The breeze is gently blowing ;
The light waves ripple on the ear,
The boatmen all are rowing ;
The landscape still is bright and fair ;
The ocean lies before us ;
The light-house lamp and evening star
Are gently beaming o'er us.

And vocal music, sweet and soft,
Is on the surges dancing ;
In mournful strains indulging oft,
And oft with joy advancing ;
Oh ! who would change a scene like this,
So pensive and so holy,
For transient scenes of heartless bliss,
Or thoughtless hours of folly !

Newport, June 27, 1833.

THE PARTING.

THE twilight sky is glowing,
Across the summer sea ;—
The balmy breeze is blowing ;
But its breath is not for me ;—
For when the morning rises,
While others greet the day,
From all this spirit prizes,
Shall I have pass'd away.

My soul, suppress thy sorrow !
My wandering heart be still !
Thy consolation borrow
From thy Maker's holy will !
Let not thy footsteps falter,
'Mid darkness and despair ;
But kneeling at his altar,
Seek light and comfort there.

With gratitude and meekness
Address the Heav'nly throne,
Acknowledging thy weakness,
Trusting in God alone ;—
Thy crimes and faults confessing,
Implore his pardoning grace,
And ask the Saviour's blessing,
On all thy fallen race.

Pray for the carnal-minded,
That thirst for fame and gold ;
The spiritually blinded,
The thoughtless and the cold ;
Pray for the sad and sighing,
That Heav'n may soothe their woes,
Pray that the sick and dying
From thence may find repose.

Pray for the friends thou lovest,
For all thou holdest dear,
Though far from them thou rovest
While fresh the parting tear ;
That whether joy or mourning,
Through life may be their doom,
Their lamps all trimm'd and burning,
May shine beyond the tomb.

Friends of my choice, we sever!—
But though sorrow dimm'd its fire ;
Within this bosom never
Shall friendship's flame expire !—
Ye venerable towers,
Fast fading from my view ;
Ye island-vales and bowers,—
Home of my heart—adieu !

Boston, July 24, 1833.

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

This name was given, during the war of 1813 and 1814, to a Prussian corps of volunteers, commanded by Major Lützow, and composed of young gentlemen of the highest talents and patriotism. The poet Körner was a member of this corps, and has celebrated it in this song, which is to the Germans what the Marseilles Hymn is to the French, or Hail Columbia to the patriot of America.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the splendor of day ?

Hark ! hear its wild din rushing nearer !

It hither approaches in gloomy array,

While loud sounding horns peal their blast on its way,

The soul overwhelming with terror !

Those swart companions you view in the race,—

Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

What swiftly moves on through yon dark forest glade,

From mountain to mountain deploying ?

They place themselves nightly in ambuscade,

They shout the hurrah, and they draw the keen blade,

The French usurpers destroying !

Those swart Yagers bounding from place to place,—

Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Where, midst glowing vines, as the Rhine murmurs by,

The tyrant securely is sleeping ;—

They swiftly approach, 'neath the storm-glaring sky ;
With vigorous arms o'er the waters they ply ;

Soon safe on his island-shore leaping !
Those swarthy swimmers whose wake you trace,
Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Whence sweeps from yon valley the battle's loud roar,

Where swords in thick carnage are clashing ?
Fierce horsemen encounter, 'mid lightnings and gore ;
The spark of true freedom is kindled once more,

From war's bloody altars out-flashing !
Those horsemen swart who the combat face,
Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Who smile their adieu to the light of the sun,

'Mid fallen foes moaning their bravery !
Death creeps o'er their visage,—their labors are done ;—
Their valiant hearts tremble not ;—victory's won ;

Their fatherland rescued from slavery !
Those swart warriors fallen in death's embrace,
Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

The wild German Yagers,—their glorious careers

Dealt death to the tyrant oppressor !
Then weep not, dear friends, for the true volunteers,
When the morn of our fatherland's freedom appears ;
Since we alone died to redress her.

Our mem'ry transmitted, no time shall erase ;—
Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

George's I., Boston Harbor, Nov. 23, 1833.

ENIGMA.

“ JE suis enfant de l'art, aussi de la nature,
Le plus vrai que je suis, je suis plus imposture,
Quoique de longues années ne peuvent me flétrir,
Je deviens trop jeune, à force de vieillir ;
Souvenir du temps passé, je le fais oublier,
Et souvent, quoique present, je suis trop éloigné.”

TRANSLATION.

Nature my model of beauty afforded,—
Art the bright model in beauty recorded.
I cherish the traits that fond fancy did weave you,
Though the more I am faithful, the more I deceive you.
Time does not wither nor render me colder ;
I only grow too young as I become older.
The past I recall but to cause it to vanish,
And soon will my presence all thoughts of me banish.

Boston, Feb., 1834.

CONSOLATION.

To a Friend bereaved of his Companion.

WEEP not for her, who, like the day,
When sunset gilds the tranquil scene,
With lingering radiance pass'd away—
In cheerful hope and joy serene :
Another day the sun will greet,
And friends so dear again shall meet.

Weep not for her, who meekly led
A life of piety and love,
Whose unassuming virtue shed
A hallow'd influence from above.
The fallen dew-drop needs must dry,
Exhaled into its native sky.

Weep not for her, who now at rest
Where care and pain no more annoy,
Has reach'd the haven of the blest,
And realized immortal joy.
Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,
And softly whispers " Weep no more !"

Fort Warren, June 23, 1835.

BAGATELLE.

In remembrance of a sailing-party, which was interrupted by a sudden storm, and by the breaking of a carriage.

You ask me, lady, for a lay
Of accident and trial;
And lady's wish, the poets say,
Should never meet denial.
But hard the task which thus you ask,
To be the sad recorder
Of woes that mount, in long account,
To "*seventhly*" in order.

Æneas ne'er had woes like these,
Nor suffer'd half so badly,
Although he braved the stormy seas,
And though they used him sadly.
True, he escaped from Troy's attack,
Through flames that might have fried him,
And took his father on his back,
His wife and child beside him.
His sorrows in their fiery course,
He bore without complaining;
But ours were from a higher source,
Occasioned by its raining.
It is enough to make one weep,—
Prepared to take a sail thus,
To see a squall come o'er the deep,
With wind, and rain, and hail, thus!

But 'tis a great deal worse than this,
The wind and rain abating ;
When just in view of fancied bliss,
Still to be kept in waiting !
Æneas didn't have to wait
One long hour in a cabin,
Or he'd have raged at any rate,
So would a Jewish Rabbin !
He didn't have a coach break down,
When nobody was in it,
Which promised to go back to town,
Returning in a minute.
Alas ! how bitter is the pain,
When plans are thus concerted,
To wait for friends so long in vain,
And then to be deserted.

Æneas fled from home at night,
While Troy was redly glaring ;
And reach'd the shore by that dread light,
Depress'd, but not despairing.
He launch'd upon the lurid wave ;—
Celestial wrath pursuing ;
While Juno, with resentment grave,
Was bent on his undoing.
Then Æolus sent forth his blast,
By fiercest fury quicken'd ;
And wild, and wide, and far, and fast,
The storm around him thicken'd :
Black night came brooding o'er the main,
Sky, ship, and sea confounding ;
The thunder's crash, the lightning's chain,
And yawning gulfs surrounding.

See, on the foaming billow borne,
Yon bark, dismasted, flying !
The shrouds all snapp'd, the sails all torn,
And spars around it lying !
Hark ! listen to that piercing shriek !
Seem life and hope to sever !
Listen ! it grows more weak,—more weak,
And now—'tis hush'd for ever !
Alas ! of all the goodly fleet
That lately deck'd the ocean,
But few survive, once more to greet,
In friendship's warm devotion !
Æneas even, wreck'd and toss'd,
The sport of every danger,
Exhausted, on an unknown coast
Beholds himself a stranger.

But here the parallel must fail ;
For fate at last befriended,
And we had quite a pleasant sail,
After the storm was ended.
And, lady, as time's rapid wing
The voyage of life shall measure,
Wilt thou one fond remembrance fling
On that brief voyage of pleasure ?

Fort Warren, Aug. 6, 1835.

THE APOLOGY.

To a Lady, on being prevented from attending her Birth-Night Ball.

"Et moriens, dulces reminiscitur Argos."

LADY, since Fate's austere behest
Forbids thy friend to be thy guest,
To mingle with the festal throng,
Or twine the dance, or list the song ;
This note, vicarious, presents
An absentee's kind compliments,
And tenders thee a simple lay,
In honor of thy natal day.

Thy halls, this eve, are glitt'ring bright ;
Thy heart is throbbing with delight.
The young, the gay, the fond, and fair,
In buoyant hope assembled there,
With many a cheerful word and smile,
Thy swift-wing'd vesper hours beguile,
And gather round, in rich array,
To greet thee on thy natal day.

I may not speak the greeting word,
My voice among them not be heard ;
I may not watch thy sparkling eye,
Nor drink thy murmuring melody ;
But none would greet thee more sincere,
And none will prize thy worth more dear,

Of all who anxious strive to pay
This tribute to thy natal day.

A sterner lot is mine to bear,—
Not sad, nor yet devoid of care.
Prompted, adventurous, to roam,
Leaving dear kindred, and sweet home,
Another land these feet may tread,
A milder sky be o'er me spread,
And duty call me far away,
Ere shall return thy natal day.

But each revolving year will bring
Long time to thee a brighter spring;
Nor winter chill thy blooming pow'rs,
Nursed in affection's fondest bow'rs,
Till summer shall mature the mind,
Thus early cultured and refined,
And intellectual fruits display,
Each *autumn*, with thy *natal day*.

I would not ape the Laureat's task,
I may not wear the flatterer's mask;
But, gentle lady, may'st thou live
Long in all bliss that earth can give,
Till soft as fades life's twilight even,
Regenerate, thou smile—in Heaven.
Thus ever will the minstrel pray
For blessings on thy natal day.

Fort Warren, Sept. 30, 1835.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

This sublime appeal to patriotism is said to have been composed in one night, together with the music, by M. Joseph Rouget de L'Isle, while an officer in the engineer corps at Strasburg, early in the French Revolution. It was at first called *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, but subsequently received its present name, because it was first publicly sung by the Marseilles confederates in 1792. (See the article *Marsellaise Hymn*; Enc. Am.) The object of the following translation was to give, as nearly as possible, a literal version of the original.

Sons of your country, on to her aid !
The day of glory now appears ;
Lo ! Tyranny 'gainst you array'd,
His blood-dripping standard uprears !
See your fields teem with war's dread alarms !
Hear the soldiers' boisterous roar !
They venture even to your arms,
Your sons and your wives to engore.
To arms ! to arms, ye brave !
Your marshall'd banners wave !
March on ! march on ! their blood impure
Our battle-field shall lave !

What would with us the slavish horde,
Of traitors leagued, and kings combined ?
Their chains and their manacles stored—
For whom are these fetters design'd ?
Frenchmen, for us this deep disgrace !
What transports in our hearts should burn !
'Tis we whom thus they dare menace
To ancient slavery to return !
To arms ! &c.

See cohorts vile, from foreign lands,
Seek to rule, unsway'd, our realm ;
And the phalanx of hireling bands
Would our warriors fierce overwhelm !
Mighty God ! this manacled crew
Our necks beneath the yoke would bend !
On hateful despots then anew
Our lives and fortunes would depend !
To arms ! &c.

Tyrants beware ! and ye false clans,
Whom opprobrious all regard ;
Be aware that your parricide plans
Shall at length undergo their reward !
All are soldiers against you to fight ;
And if our young heroes should be slain,
New forces France would soon unite,
In battle to engage again.
To arms ! &c.

Frenchmen, magnanimous, forbear,
Circumspectly deal your blows ;
Those unhappy victims spare,
Who became your unwilling foes.
But yon bloody despot force,—
On them your heaviest wrath descend ;*
Those tigers who without remorse,
The bosom of their mother rend.
To arms ! &c.

* To avoid an unnecessary and perhaps too severe personality, this line is changed from the original ; but still retains its spirit.

Love of our country, sacred flame,
Our avenging arms protect !
Oh Liberty ! long cherish'd name,
Thy defenders aid and direct !
Our ensigns for battle unroll'd,
At thy call may Victory crown ;
Till dying enemies behold
Thy triumph, and thy sons' renown !
To arms ! to arms, ye brave !
Your marshall'd banners wave !
March on ! march on ! their blood impure
Our battle-field shall lave !

Boston, Jan. 23, 1836.

THE COMMUNION.

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come."

WATTS.

WHILE the sons of earth, retiring,
From the sacred temple roam;
Lord, thy light and love desiring,
To thine altar fain we come.
Children of a Heavenly Father,
Friends and brethren would we be;
While we round thy table gather,
May our hearts be one in thee.

Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet! bread of heaven!
Wine of gladness flowing free!
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

In thy holy Incarnation,
When the angels sung thy birth,
In thy fasting and temptation,
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection,
In thy sufferings on the tree,—

In thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember thee !

All thy love and mercy feeling,
All our weakness would we feel ;
Humbly at thine altar kneeling,
For thy pardon would we kneel.
All our passions sacrificing,
As thy sacrifice we see,
May we, from thine altar rising,
Consecrate our lives to thee.

By thy Holy Spirit leading,
Gently draw us on the road ;
By thy boundless merit pleading,—
Reconcile us to our God.
Toss'd on life's eventful ocean,
Changing though our life may be,—
When its billows cease their motion,
May we find our rest in thee !

When the heavens shall be shaken,
As thou comest from on high ;
When the dead from death awaken,
To attend thee in the sky ;
When the mighty seals are broken,
And the mountains, trembling, flee ;
When the final doom is spoken,
May we refuge find in thee !

Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1836.

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